

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper

MAY 7, 1949

PRICE

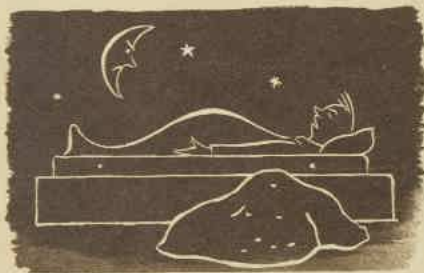
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Leisure Fashions...
from Paris

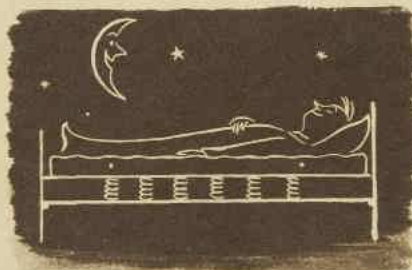
Do you know
how to enjoy
your bed?



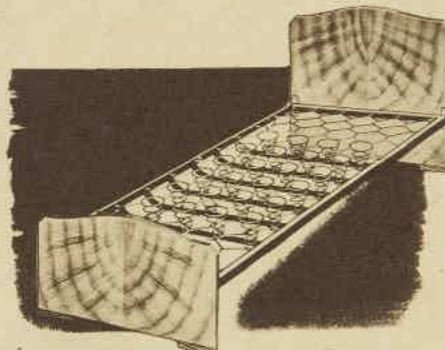
First of all—does your body get tied-up in knots every night on an old-fashioned coiled-wire mattress? Like many people, you might have got used to suffering on a sagging mattress without realising it . . . Now read on.



Have you put your new inner-spring mattress straight onto a wooden platform? Then it's probably hard as a rock. To cope with this problem some inner-spring mattresses have too many springs. This makes the inner-spring itself too hard.



Every mattress—inner-spring or otherwise should rest on a spring base. When you enjoy sleep like this on an inner-spring mattress it cushions the body and leaves it to the spring base to absorb all the shocks of your rolling, twisting and turning during the night.



This is the Vono Spring Base (Made in England). All leading bed manufacturers in Australia are fitting it to their beds. Cross-bars take care of heavy part of body but are not used under head or feet where little weight has to be supported. A feeling of resting-on-air results. Any mattress can be used on a Vono Spring Base.



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When buying a new bed always make sure you
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VONO
SPRING BASE

Or you can buy a Vono Spring Base separately as a replacement for the sagging wire mattress on your present bed. There is a Vono Spring Base for every type of bed.

Overseas visitors will be welcome at the Vono stand at The British Industries Fair at Earl's Court, London, between the 2nd and 13th May.

AT ALL LEADING FURNITURE STORES ALL OVER AUSTRALIA

The young and happy bridegroom said that his wife's place was in the home — but she soon found a new solution to this old problem

IT all started when Connie wanted her old job back and Ed wanted her to keep on being a housewife. That was funny, because Ed hardly ever argued with anybody.

He was a tall, friendly man with dark hair and an easy smile. Everybody liked Ed. You wouldn't have thought he could get in such a mess.

Connie was an artist in the Dinwiddie Advertising Agency fashion department, but she looked like something the other artists would paint.

The first night Ed took her around to his brother Joe's house, Joe knew what was coming. Connie was small and blond and had blue-green eyes and seemed to match Ed.

"I've got to settle down, Joe," Ed told his brother in private. And then he went on to tell how he had it worked out: the flat, Connie in an apron, the smell of cooking when he came home.

That was the way it worked out—almost. They were married, they found a flat, and Connie put away her paints and put on that apron. Everything was perfect, the way Ed thought it should be. Only it wasn't.

"Ed, dear," Connie said, one evening about two months after they were married, "I've been thinking that a flat this size isn't enough to keep a young girl busy."

"I know," Ed said, carefully. "But we can't build that house until Mr. Dinwiddie gives me the Happy Puppy Biscuit account to handle, you know."

Connie shook her head. "I mean," she said, "Mr. Dinwiddie rang me up to-day. He says they're short-handed in Art and they'd like to have me back."

Ed thought fast.

"It's just that I feel so—well, bored here," Connie said, warming up. "There's not enough work to do."

"You're right," he nodded. "It must be dull for you here." He kissed her. "I've got an idea."

"What is it?" she asked, excitedly.

"Just wait," said Ed, "and see."

The next day he made his first big mistake. He took out his bankbook, figured out how much he'd have when he got that Puppy Biscuit account, and went to a number of stores and a newsagent.

He bought an electric washing machine, a mangle, a vacuum cleaner, a dishwasher and dryer, a pressure cooker, a breakfast gadget that did everything but butter the toast, an electric mixer, and a new set of chimneys for the front door.

And he took out subscriptions for Connie to a whole lot of women's magazines.

Two days later, there wasn't a power-point in the whole flat that didn't have at least three plugs in it. Connie's eyes grew wider and wider.

"But," she protested, "I thought we were going to wait for these things until we build that house."

"Woman's place," said Ed cheerfully, "is in the home. The home should be interesting. You'll have a fine time around here now, with all this stuff. You won't be bored a bit!"

Connie turned away and didn't say anything. Ed might have been alarmed, though, if he'd seen her eyes.

Some of the magazines came a couple of days later.

"What's new, dear?" Ed asked that evening, flopping comfortably into his big chair.

Connie was looking terrific in a new plastic apron. "I've been reading."

Ed didn't catch the note in her voice. "Great! What's for dinner?"

"Stew," said Connie. "And it only took twenty minutes!"

"Is that long?"

"Long? It's superspeedy!" she said, climbing into his lap. "It usually takes three hours." She drew a long breath. "Old-fashioned cooking's gone for good now that I've got my grand-new, brand-new Steamo Pressure Cooker!"

Ed blinked.

"Food tastes better cooked the Steamo way," Connie continued. "Wives' dispositions are better, too, when they don't have to spend the whole day over an old-fashioned stove."

Ed blinked again.

Connie laughed. "I can't tell you how much I love my Steamo, darling. I agree with Mrs. J.R."

"Mrs. Who?"

"Mrs. J.R.," said Connie promptly. "She wrote to the Steamo people that her housework is house-play now that she's got her Steamo."

Please turn to page 4

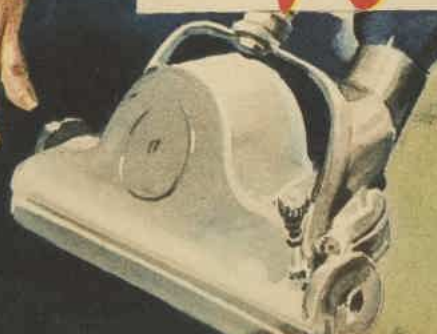


"I'm just cutting carpet capers," said Connie gaily, gliding towards Ed.

No home should be without one

By
**RICHARD
GEHMAN**

The Australian Women's Weekly
May 7, 1949—Page 3





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PERFECT LIPSTICK
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PAUL DUVAL PERSONALISED COSMETICS
AT ALL CHEMISTS—EXCLUSIVE STORES

No Home Should Be Without One

Continued from page 3

ED didn't say much during dinner. The stew was fine, but he was afraid that if he said anything about it Connie would start quoting the ads, again.

"I'll help with the dishes," he said, during the coffee.

Connie shook her blond head. "No."

Ed's eyebrows went up. "You don't want me to help with the dishes?"

"Good-bye to dish-water drudgery," Connie recited, "now that Dish-Dream's here!"

Ed blinked.

"Dish-Dream," Connie chanted, "makes dishwashing fun." She jumped up and carried a stack of plates and silver to the kitchen.

"Here," she said. "Ask for a free demonstration—I mean, just watch. All you do is scrape the plates, set them in the rack, close the door, fasten the clamps, turn on the water, and—whist! Clean dishes in five minutes. Dish-Dream dries them, too, in ten."

"Mighty convenient, all right," Ed said grudgingly.

"Convenient is really the word for Dish-Dream," Connie agreed. "It's the modern way to household freedom."

It was a long time before Ed got to sleep that night.

He got up the next morning feeling groggy, and he was at the agency before he realised that Connie had spent the whole breakfast talking about her new Dish-Dream, which she'd described as "The Miracle of the Breakfast Table." It unnerved Ed so that he bumped smack into Mr. Dinwiddie in the hall.

"Sorry, sir," muttered Ed, scrambling up. "I was just thinking."

Mr. Dinwiddie, who was dignified and portly, wasn't as angry as he might have been.

"Just the man I wanted to see, Ed," he wheezed. He replaced his spectacles and looked hard at Ed. "Wanted to talk to you about Connie."

"Connie?" Ed tried to sound matter-of-fact.

"Took the liberty of ringing her the other day. We'd like to have her back in the Art Department, you know."

"I know," Ed said, miserably. And then he made up one of the biggest lies of his whole life. "It's too bad she's so domestic."

"Domestic?" Mr. Dinwiddie boomed. "Connie?"

Ed swallowed. "She's like a mad thing in that kitchen," he said, solemnly. "You can't get her out of it. You ought to come to dinner some night, Mr. Dinwiddie."

Mr. Dinwiddie raised his eyebrows. "I'd like to—just to see for myself," he said, meaningly.

Then he added: "I must talk to you about that Happy Puppy Biscuit account one of these days, Ed. The man who takes it over must be—trustworthy. Dependable. Honest as the day is long."

Ed couldn't look at his employer. "Yes, sir," he said, his face running down to his shoes. "I'd like to—I mean—" But Mr. Dinwiddie had started down the hall.

All day long, Ed felt as though he'd been washed in Connie's new dishwasher and then run through her mangle.

He felt so miserable he knocked off at three o'clock and walked home. When he opened the front door, his face froze.

Connie was running the vacuum-cleaner over the front-room rug—but that wasn't what stopped Ed. It was Connie herself.

She was wearing a ballet costume. Ed just stood there, watching her running and hopping around and doing those little jumps, the way dancers do.

She finished at one end of the room with a spin and sank to her

knees like a dying swan. Then she saw Ed and ran over to him.

Ed's voice untangled itself. "Connie," he gasped. "I didn't know you were talking ballet lessons."

"I'm just cutting carpet capers with my new Carpet-Matic!" said Connie gaily, gliding towards him. "It makes carpet-cleaning as care-free as ballet!"

Ed gulped and fled. He went over and told his brother Joe about it.

"I just don't get it," he finished. "All she does is talk about her Dish-Dream, her Steamo, her Toast-Cheer—all that stuff. I thought she was teasing me at first, but now I don't know. I think it's gone to her head."

"Send the stuff back," Joe suggested.

Ed scratched his chin. "No—she'd be the same as before, bored with housework. And then she'd want to go back to the agency and Dinwiddie'd find that I lied to him about the way she is at home, and I wouldn't get the Happy Puppy account and—"

He shook his head and left, his shoulders drooping.

When he got home he found a whole lot of plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons spread out on a cloth right in the middle of the front room. He was still too shocked to say anything and just looked stupidly at Connie.

"A new idea from one of my magazines," she said brightly. "Too many families get bored eating every day the same old way. Why not have an indoor picnic?" She clasped her hands. "I think it's a wonderful idea."

Ed sighed. "Oh, wonderful," he said. He sat down and tried to balance a plate on his knees. It fell off and Ed looked up at Connie pleadingly.

"Couldn't we just eat up on the table, the way we always do and pretend we're having a picnic?" Connie pouted. "You don't want us to have any fun at all."

Ed couldn't stand the look on her face. "Oh, all right," he said weakly.

"By the way," Connie continued placidly, "Mr. Dinwiddie phoned again to-day. I asked him to dinner on Friday night."

Ed choked again.

"I have it all planned," Connie said. "But first, we've got some work to do here."

MR. DINWIDDIE

arrived at the flat on Friday. The minute he stepped in at the door he jack-knifed right over a couch placed across the entrance. He hit the floor like a paratrooper without his chute.

"Gosh, Mr. Dinwiddie," said Ed, picking him up. "I didn't think—"

"Neither did I," said the old gentleman. "I didn't think to request a floor plan. I see now that I should have."

"It's one of Connie's dramatic surprises," Ed explained in a shaky voice. "That's how I got my black eye."

"Her what?"

"She read this article in a magazine," Ed went on. "It said place your furniture in positions of dramatic surprise."

"I see," said Mr. Dinwiddie.

"Welcome, Mr. Dinwiddie!" cried Connie, coming in from the kitchen. In a few moments she darted out again. "Mustn't spoil the dinner," she cried.

"Here, Mr. Dinwiddie," said Ed nervously, wondering what she had in mind this time. "Just sit over here on the couch."

Connie came in, passed the cocktails, and then, for a stretch of five minutes or so, nothing happened. The radio was going so loudly that nobody could hear anything that

was said. Ed just kept smiling nervously. When they adjourned to the dining nook, though, it began all over again.

"H'm," said Mr. Dinwiddie, tasting a forkful of green stuff. "What's this, Connie? Don't seem to recognise this vegetable."

"Radish tops," Connie said.

Ed covered his mouth with his hand. "Radish tops?"

"Right out of 'Domestic Diary,'" Connie said proudly. "Most people throw radish tops away, not realising how full of vitamins they are. Minerals, too."

Mr. Dinwiddie looked polite. Ed looked miserable.

"You'll never guess what's in the casserole," Connie went on blithely. "Grapefruit rind saute. Kitchen Helper gave me the idea. I'm dying to try it."

"I'm dying," Ed mumbled.

If he had known what was coming next he might have wished that that were true. The little biscuit-like objects that Connie brought in were innocent-looking.

"Connie," he said slowly, "Connie, these things look like—" he sighed—"puppy biscuits."

She reached over and patted his hand. "They are puppy biscuits."

Mr. Dinwiddie, who had just put one in his mouth, gave a violent start.

"Happy Puppy Biscuits," Connie was saying, "contain the same vitamins and minerals you find in three steaks, eighteen eggs, two quarts of milk—"

Mr. Dinwiddie turned green. He began gesturing wildly toward his mouth. "Gwog," he said.

"Boss!" Ed cried. "Here, let me—"

He began pounding the old man on the back.

"Gwog shuk throe," Mr. Dinwiddie said. He was now purple.

"Connie!" screamed Ed. "Do something!"

"—three helpings of mashed potatoes, a green salad, four potatoes, five slices of wholewheat bread—"

She was still at it when Ed blundered Mr. Dinwiddie out the door and down to the doctor's waiting-room in the flat below.

Mr. Dinwiddie didn't even say good night after the doctor had extracted the puppy biscuit from his throat.

Ed stood on the kerb and watched him drive away. He knew what was going to happen. The sack.

"Well, that's what I get," Ed thought to himself. "If I'd just let her go to work in the first place, all this wouldn't have happened."

For a second or two he was tempted to go back upstairs and tell Connie that she could go and get her job back. But then he started thinking about it more, growing angrier all the time. By the time he reached his brother's house he was boiling.

"I won't give in!" he roared at Joe, walking up and down the front room. "Woman's place is in the home and that's where Connie's going to stay!"

"Yes," said Joe, "but the question is, where will you stay?"

Ed mopped his forehead. "I can't stand much more."

That was when Joe gave him the solution. "Why don't you give her some of her own medicine?" he asked innocently. Then he outlined his plan. By the time he finished Ed was grinning.

"I'll do it!" he said, slapping Joe on the back. "I'll do it to-morrow!"

The next day Ed didn't bother going to work. He thought it wasn't any use—he knew that letter would be waiting for him—and besides, he had something else to do. He went to a couple of stores, bought a few things, and headed for home.

"What's the bundle?" Connie inquired as he came in.

Please turn to page 20

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





MISS DARE IN DANGER

By MIGNON EBERHART

THE Burmese servant padded out of the kitchen, turning at the door to say again to Jane, "I've got evidence." Slyly, he added: "But I expect to be paid for it." He went lightly out.

Jane frowned and turned to Susan.

"Miss Dare, I'd like to ask you a question or two," she said. "That's an extraordinary story you told the police. About Mrs. Shepley, I mean, and Carter Stone. Why did you tell the police that you saw them?"

"I didn't see them," Susan said clearly. "I heard them. There was a lot of kissing. And he took the emeralds."

"He kissed her?" Jane said. She paused. "I don't believe you. He only wanted—"

"She stopped abruptly. "In any case, Miss Dare, I don't see what you expect to get out of this. Why did you go out of your way to meddle in things that don't concern you?"

"I assure you I don't like it any more than you do."

"But you are meddling," Jane's face was without expression. "I read a story you wrote. I read it to Mr. Shepley. Last night. It seemed to upset him. Exactly what do you know of his affairs?"

"Nothing."

"There was a telegram in the story. Something about Bert and

other things. Mr. Shepley stopped me when I came to that. He had me read it twice. I don't think he listened to the rest of the story. It was a very queer telegram."

"Did you know anything about it?" Susan asked.

"I!" Jane's eyes seemed to retreat behind her spectacles. "Certainly not." She paused and then said slowly, "It would be better for you, Miss Dare, if you minded your own business." With this, she walked out the door and along the little passage.

Quite right you are, too, thought Susan, getting up. She stood for a moment, staring thoughtfully at the floor.

What of the Burmese servant, John Leo?

How much of what he said was true and how much merely an attempt to turn a dishonest penny? In any case, the police would have to know about it. But first there was something in the kitchen she wanted to examine.

She listened, but there was no sound from the stairway. She went quietly across the kitchen and opened the door to the dumb-waiter.

It was shadowy inside and smelt musty. She put her head inside and squinted upward through the darkness.

The dumb-waiter itself consisted

of a big box with a shelf. The box had no top and was open, too, at the front, and hung on ropes fastened at each side. The shaft went upward into gloom in which she could vaguely discern the ropes.

It seemed to her that far above there was a lighter patch, probably coming from the dining-room entrance to the dumb-waiter, although that door must be closed.

She put her hand upward, groping along the shaft. Her fingers encountered studding, plaster, and a crosspiece of wood. Like a step.

Susan went back to the stool where she had sat, and pulled it over to the dumb-waiter. Presently, very cautiously, she crawled into the box itself. There was an ominous creaking of ropes, but the box was substantial.

She straightened up slowly until

There were steps, crosspieces of wood nailed solidly to the studding as far up as she could reach. The shaft was big, the steps substantial.

She wondered vaguely why they were there. But it didn't matter. Perhaps they had been there since the house was built. Perhaps the ropes of the dumb-waiter fouled now and then and had to be accessible.

It didn't matter why the steps were there. The point was that she had learned how Carter Stone and Camilla had managed to reach the little waiting-room on the first floor at a time when Carter Stone was supposed to be isolated by the police in the dining-room, and Camilla was thought to be confined in her bedroom above.

It was absurdly simple. Carter Stone, in the dining-room, had simply entered the dumb-waiter shaft and climbed to the floor above. It came out, John had said, in Albert Shepley's bedroom, which probably communicated with Camilla's quarters. He had talked to Camilla. He had persuaded her to come, by way of the shaft, down the dumb-waiter to the dining-room.

Once there, he had watched his chance to take Camilla into the study. Due to the turn in the passage, the policemen in the front hall had not been able to observe their movements.

They had returned the same way.

All at once, they were crowded into the dining-room, Luerson protesting angrily as he came in.

Always provided the steps ran on up to the second floor. And because there was no other explanation, Susan believed that they did extend as far as that.

But it explained only the means by which they had come to the study. Nothing else. Except that it argued a certain cunning and expediency behind Carter Stone's handsome and romantic face.

He had the emeralds.

Susan didn't like the silence in the kitchen and its remoteness from the rest of the house. Accordingly, she turned quickly and went upstairs.

She came out into the hall above. No one was in the long corridor, but she heard the voices of two men talking in the front hall near the dining-room door, and—walked quickly around the bend in the hall thinking Steven might be there.

Instead, she saw Reginald Luerson and Carter Stone. It was clear at a glance that Luerson was angry and Carter Stone defiant.

"I tell you I didn't take the emeralds. I don't know anything about them. I was with Mr. Shepley when he bought the stones, yes. That was part of my duty. But I haven't seen them for a long time. He kept them in the big safe. I know absolutely nothing about them."

That was Carter Stone.

Please turn to page 28

Final intriguing instalment of our provocative mystery serial

she was standing on tiptoe. She groped upward with her hands, exploring the walls.

Presently she got down on her knees again and climbed back on to the stool. Dropping down to the floor, she smoothed back her hair and straightened her skirt. Then, with a grim, satisfied expression on her face, she closed the door to the dumb-waiter.

One part of the puzzle was solved.

3 famous styles in lovely, lovely, lovely

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The reigning sovereign of Nylons in the snappy "playing-card" design gift pack. It is a sheer beauty and if you do not already possess at least one pair be sure to do so soon. And remember - in the perfect stocking wardrobe you need all three of these famous Holeproof styles, for each has been designed to give a special service for that special occasion.



P.S. — Don't forget Mother's Day, next Sunday, May 8th. Practical gifts of lovely Holeproof Hosiery are now available in the famous styles mentioned above. All stores have supplies in special Mother's Day Gift Envelopes.

Saturday Night

By IRENE O. BLACK

ANNE CARLTON lowered the telephone receiver gently and touched her cheeks to feel if they were really burning, or was it just imagination. Then she crept back to her chair by the fire and tried to get back into the mood she had been in before the phone-call. But it was impossible.

Everything was the same as it had been ten minutes ago, but somehow everything was strangely different. The fire was still burning brightly; the radio was still crooning indolently; romantic, wistful melodies.

Her knitting was resting on the arm of the cosiest chair—David's favorite chair when he was home—but she wasn't contented like a lazy kitten any more.

She thrust the poker into the golden heart of the fire savagely as though it must be responsible for her mood.

"I'm going to cry," she choked, fighting unpredictable tears that were already stinging her eyes. "What's the matter with me? Of course I couldn't accept Bill's invitation to the dance. I'm David's wife, aren't I?" She choked again.

"Respectable married women," she told herself, "don't go gallivanting around with other men the moment their husbands' backs are turned, do they? Especially when they're in love with their husbands, as I am with David."

But her arguments were not convincing. The threatening tears sent a shiver of surrender through her slim body. Angriily she kicked off her shoes and curled her legs up beneath her on the chair.

Why couldn't she have a good howl if she felt like it? Why couldn't she secretly wish she hadn't been so . . . so priggish about going out with Bill when he'd been so considerate? She was all alone. David was a million miles away.

"And I'm lonely and fed up with being the wife of a sea captain," she concluded vehemently, lowering her aching head on to her arms.

Bill's voice, softly persuasive, came back to her as the darkness of closed eyes folded about her.

"We thought you must be getting fed up with yourself being alone so much, Anne. What about coming to the dance to-night? You'll be forgetting your steps."

She had taken it as a joke at first.

"Sure, Bill!" she had said. "I'll meet you by the barn as usual. In case you've forgotten me, after all these years, you'll recognise me by the dust on my clothes. Been sitting-pretty on the shelf too long, see?"

Bill had chuckled. But it wasn't a decisive chuckle at all. It signified more to come. Much more.

"No, but seriously, Anne, you get a pretty thin time of it with that old man of yours away so much. What do the other sailor-men's wives do? Surely there isn't a whole army of them sitting home knitting, is there? Or should I say 'navy'?"

"I don't know what they do with their spare time, Bill," Anne had sighed deeply. "But knitting does sort of pass the time, I suppose."

"Some women should have been born eighty," came the next response. "They shouldn't have good looks to waste so ruthlessly on four bare walls. Or on . . ."

It was here that the first flush crept into Anne's cheeks. Bill was going to say: "Or on possessive sailor-men." She didn't want him to say that. The words might ring true.

But Bill didn't pursue the subject. He suddenly switched to talking

about the Gang and the way they'd got round to discussing Anne and the fact that she was missing so much fun since she had married David.

"They're feeling sorry for me," she thought resentfully. Then she realised that she was beginning to feel sorry for herself.

"Thanks for asking me, Bill. But

"But David wouldn't like it?" Bill concluded for her.

She felt her color rising uncomfortably. "We've never discussed it, to be honest, Bill. But I know he'd prefer to believe I'm safely at home. Men are jealous creatures. You should know that."

And all the time that horrible, self-pitying feeling was growing stronger.

"All right! You know what's best, Anne. But we'd have looked after you well. You wouldn't have been with . . . with just me, now. I wouldn't have blamed you for refusing if . . ."

They were laughing again now. How well they both remembered how poor Bill had tried his best to "cut that sailor-man out" before the final knot was tied.

It had all been in good fun. Bill was a sport. There hadn't been one really serious moment. Except . . .

And, remembering, Anne drew the conversation to a blunt conclusion. "No, Bill, I'm afraid 'No' can do. I'd rather play safe while David's away. I knew what I was marrying long before I said 'Yes' to him. I'm not so very lonely waiting for him."

"He's away an awful lot," Bill protested. "It must get you down at times."

"Not a bit of it, Bill. A woman can fill in time so much more easily than a man."

"Wasting time, I call it," said the disgruntled Bill. "Oh, well, if that's final I'll tell the Gang you declined with thanks. Get back on your roost, Mother Hen. The sun has gone down and . . ."

"Thanks just the same, Bill!" she cut him short.

JUST as Anne went to hang up she realised that Bill was still speaking. "If you change your mind later, just give us a tinkle."

There wouldn't be much chance of that happening, she assured herself. Yet here she was, crying her eyes out not two minutes later.

"I wanted to go," she confessed out loud, her voice breaking croakily. "Bill was right. I'm too young to sit and knit when there's music and fun and . . ."

"Saturday Night is the Loneliest Night in the Week," crooned the singer on the radio.

Saturday night . . . She sat up and stared bleakly into the fire. This was Saturday night. That was why she was feeling so depressed.

Ever since her sixteenth birthday Saturday night had meant something important. Getting dressed up in something long with a flowing skirt that swished excitingly about her silken-clad legs. It meant the elusive perfume of flowers; eau de cologne; cigarette smoke.

It had meant taxis, careless laughter, excited voices clear on the night air, arms close about her, playful battles against impetuous kisses.

Then suddenly Saturday night had meant all this, but with David.

David.

He was grinning down at her from the mantelpiece. His smile was a little strained, because David was shy with photographers.

And this smile had been for a complete stranger with only Anne as

a thought behind it. There was that fixed, tense look about his wonderful sea-blue eyes.

Actually, Anne thought on, there wasn't much of David—the real David—about it at all, except for the familiar scrawl across the corner: "To my darling, with love. David."

"If you change your mind later, just give us a tinkle," Bill had said.

Somewhere, she couldn't remember just where, but hidden away from David's curious gaze, was Bill's photo. Bill, looking too familiarly Bill with his frank, unembarrassed grin.

It had happened not long after their engagement party—hers and David's—that Bill stepped into her life. It was during David's last voyage before their wedding that Bill had made that jocular, but more than half-determined effort to "sweep that seaman's girl from under his very nose."

"And he almost did, too," Anne permitted herself to recall guiltily.

It is so hard to remember all the important things about a man who is away; who has been away for months. Especially with Bill's familiar grin so constantly before her eyes.

Not that David had minded about Bill in the least.

"Try to cut me out by all means," he had laughed. "And may the better man win. But, conceited Allick that I am, I've an inkling I'm the better man, old chap. That's why I'm willing to let you try your luck."

"It all started as a joke, Anne." Bill had been like an apologetic schoolboy that night after the two of them had driven to the beach at sunset, taking a dip in the cool, lapping waves.

They were driving home in Bill's shockingly dilapidated sports-car, along the coast road, with the ocean lying wide more than a hundred feet below, when Bill suddenly put his foot on the brake and pulled into the side of the winding road.

"Anything wrong, Bill?" Anne had been anxious.

"Plenty!"

"What, then?"

"Only a heart attack, I think," Bill had muttered, staring out across the headland.

"You're serious? Is it paining? I didn't know you suffered . . ."

"I didn't know myself until to-night. Maybe it's an illusion. Maybe it's just the setting for love . . ."

"Love?"

"You might as well say 'rat poison,' using that tone of horror," Bill taunted unsmilingly. "Just because that sailor's in love with you doesn't make me immune, does it?"

She hadn't laughed at him. She should have. But she couldn't. Because something like a bird moving warmly in the palm of a hand was stirring quietly about her heart. She didn't say anything, because it was safer that way.

She didn't resist Bill's embrace when his arms drew her close against him and his lips pressed her own so firmly. Because she wanted to know her own feelings. For David's sake.

She resisted him the second time, of course. Whatever happened, Bill mustn't kiss her again. It wouldn't be fair to David. It wouldn't be fair to anyone for her to discover that Bill's kiss could mean so much.

"It must be just the . . . the setting," she said shakily, urging Bill to drive on.

She couldn't look at him again. Not since she had just discovered that Bill was really attractive. That his lean, clean-cut profile could send that bird—which was her heart—fluttering for release.

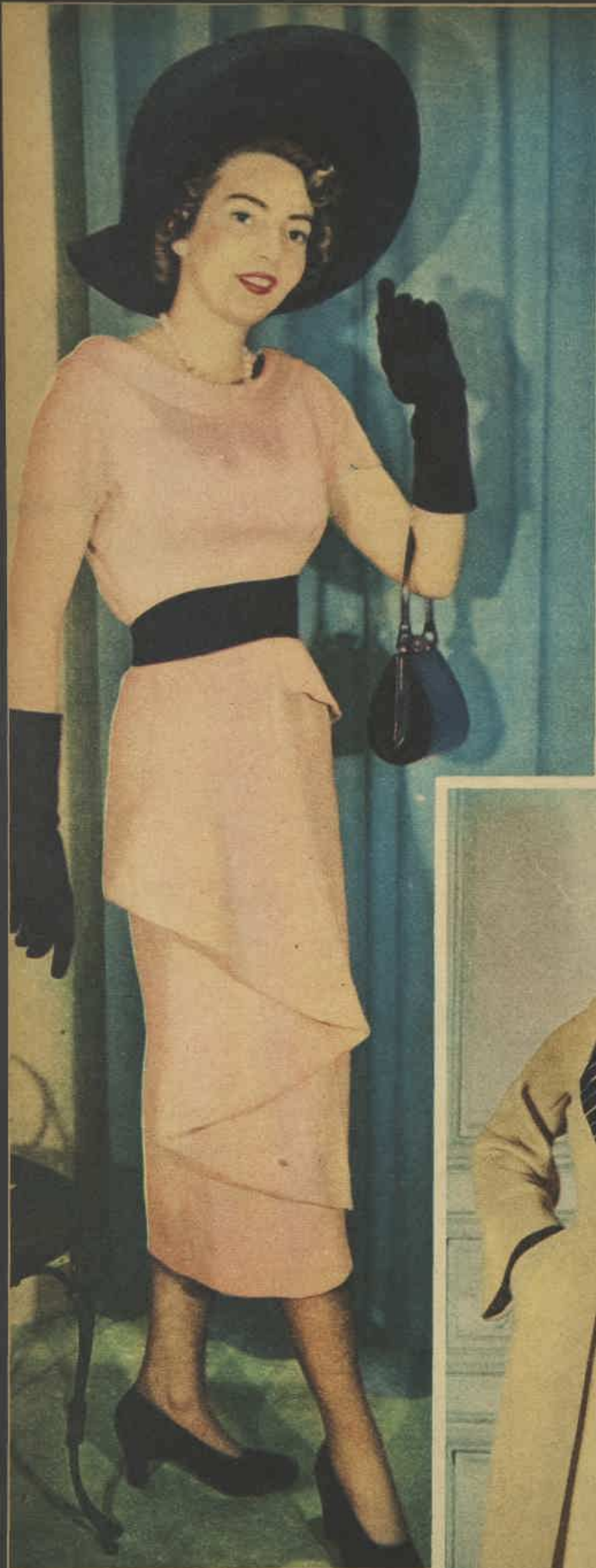


"One hot coffee, coming up," cried David cheerfully. What fun it was to have him home, Anne thought.

Please turn to page 33

FROM PARIS

PAR AVION



● New line, like the wake of a ship, makes an interesting skirt in Robert Piquet's linen frock. Folds falling in asymmetrical lines bring the skirt into line with the main trend in Paris spring collections, which feature uneven lines in necks, bodices, skirts.

● Line of the 'twenties, with waist dropped to the hip, was reintroduced by Marcel Rochas, and is seen, at left, in a navy skirt with check coat, and, at right, in plain coat trimmed with check to match the extremely straight skirt.

● Hurricane silhouette by Schiaparelli is achieved in a wool travel coat by nipping in the waist and letting the material go at the back in a windblown effect. Cloche hat is slit in the crown to reveal hair as its only trimming.



● From Carven come two typically trim, smart outfits. The jacket suit, at left, has interest concentrated on the wide revers. The frock, at right, has the waistline moulded to give a corselet effect.



● The afternoon coat was sponsored by Christian Dior, and he makes this one in broderie anglaise to wear over an organza frock. In this he goes back to the fully squared shoulder line.



● The two-piece, above, by Pierre Balmain, illustrates his day silhouette, simple and youthful. Pleats give easy movement, there is the current back fullness, and pockets emphasise the hips just enough.



● Flying panels are Dior's most outstanding creation in his current collection. In the frock on the left, he has them at the back of the skirt with pleated panels in front. The frock at right of the picture has four floating panels, and high, square pocket as a foil to sloping shoulders.

ON THESE PAGES are color pictures taken in the salons of the haute couture of Paris, specially for The Australian Women's Weekly. Our cover shows two Balmain models also specially posed for us. Most interesting new ideas of leading designers are Christian Dior's floating panels, Schiaparelli's wind-blown effect called the hurricane line, Marcel Rochas' suits with waistline dropped to the hip to give a figure with no contours, Robert Piguet's skirt falling like the wake of a ship.

check your score in the

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If you score 50, you really know the ropes; 40 points, you've probably flown A.N.A. before; 30 is not so good; 20 or less tells us you're going to be very pleasantly surprised when you "wing your way with A.N.A."



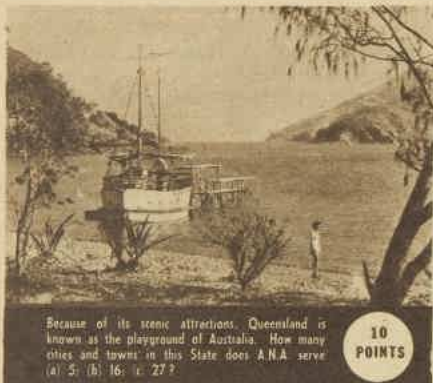
You're planning to visit Hobart. To book your accommodation, you will
(a) Write to the mayor; (b) Put an advert in the paper; (c) Ask A.N.A.?

10 POINTS



You are really enjoying your holiday and would like little Ann to join you. Do you
(a) Break your holiday; (b) Ask a friend to bring her; (c) Leave it to A.N.A.?

10 POINTS



Because of its scenic attractions, Queensland is known as the playground of Australia. How many cities and towns in this State does A.N.A. serve
(a) 5; (b) 16; (c) 27?

10 POINTS



If you travel between meals does A.N.A.
(a) serve refreshments aloft; (b) at the airport; (c) let you go "peckish"?

10 POINTS



You would like to stop off en route to see Melbourne. Can you do this
(a) Without charge; (b) By paying another fare; (c) By paying a little extra?

10 POINTS

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS

(1). "Ask A.N.A." A.N.A. maintains a special staff to assist you in arranging comfortable accommodation at any port of call on the network.

(2). Leave it to A.N.A. A special A.N.A. hostess will look after Ann throughout the flight. The only charge is payment of a full fare for the hostess. Accompanied children under four travel free. From four to fifteen at half fare.

(3). A.N.A. provides fast and frequent

passenger and freight services to 27 cities and towns throughout the length and breadth of Queensland.

(4). In addition to full scale meals served at meal times, A.N.A. provides complimentary morning and afternoon teas for "between meal" travellers.

(5). Many travellers like to "break journeys" so A.N.A. arranges stop overs without extra charges. But please notify your intention when booking.



WING YOUR WAY WITH

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS LIMITED
AUSTRALIA'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE



"I'm very keen on photography," said Sheila, smiling down at Hugh, but aware that Larry and Robina were watching her carefully.

Symptom of Love

I COULD have dropped dead and they'd never know, Sheila thought, listening to the laughter coming from the kitchen. I could have succumbed to heart-failure, or gone quietly mad weeks ago. From—from claustrophobia.

Her blue eyes accused the room, unfairly—because it was, after all, a sizeable room. But there was just so much and no more a girl could do in a bed-sitting room. Sleep. Read. Dress. Clean it thoroughly on Saturdays.

"I'll knock ten bob off the rent if you'll see to it yourself," Robina had told her. "There's all kinds of cleaning-stuff in the hall cupboard—but you'll have to provide your own rags." And she had stared at Sheila as if she expected her to start shredding her slip more and more.

Saturday again—and I'm lonely. Sheila squeezed her eyes shut against the threat of tears. Disgustingly lonely. She heard the laughter again and winced. Anywhere would be better than here.

She hadn't thought so six weeks ago. Answering the advertisement, she had fallen in love with the house in Laurel Road. With Robina's thin, bright beauty, and a glimpse of Larry's six-foot frame vanishing down the hall.

The girls at the office had envied her frankly. Moving with the firm to its new quarters, they had all had difficulty in finding quarters.

"You don't know how lucky you are, not doomed to a boarding-house full of gossip, old people," Muriel said.

"You'll have the run of the place—and meet all sorts of people," Eve stated. "He's sure to have friends barging in and out all the time."

It hadn't turned out like that, though. When Sheila moved in, Robina lingered in the hall a while, telling her things she might need to know. (Not to trust the church clock; it went haywire at times. And to be sure to assert herself with the driver of the eight-thirty bus—he was apt to tear by, pretending you were invisible.)

Then she had led Sheila upstairs, flinging open the door of the room.

"It's all yours, Miss Merrick. Perhaps you can learn to love even the paintwork."

Her eyes narrowed critically. "I told Larry twilight was no time to mix colors."

She had smiled suddenly—a wide, white smile that made Sheila's heart leap. "We're lucky getting you. Someone young, I mean. We might have drawn some frowny old thing who'd cook unsavory meals on the gas-ring and never leave the house."

Two minutes later she was gone, the door slamming behind her. A second later she opened it, grimacing.

"Sorry—things just fly out of my hands. Even saucepans."

She disappeared, and the door closed again. More softly—but just as finally.

Doors were forever closing on you in this house, Sheila thought. There was the slam of the front door in the morning, when Larry and Robina rushed off to their jobs. There was the clang of the gate when Robina returned at six o'clock—followed by assorted bangs as she made her way to the kitchen to start supper.

And the series was repeated when Larry dashed in, half an hour later.

Small as the house was, Sheila rarely saw them. They shut themselves off completely.

Occasionally, Sheila dodged back into her room as Larry, in a tatty old dressing-gown, headed for the bathroom. And sometimes she caught the top of Robina's head, as she deposited the clean linen outside Sheila's door, and hurried off downstairs.

One Sunday, Sheila had persuaded herself that it was up to her to make overtures. So she had taken a box of chocolates and knocked eagerly at the sitting-room door.

"Oh!" Robina stared at her. "It's you, Miss Merrick—is anything the matter?"

Her eyes widened as Sheila thrust the box at her, stammering suddenly. "I thought you might enjoy them."

"But, why ever—?" Robina began. She looked at Sheila curiously. "Did the dentist forbid them? How awful for you!"

Turning, she hid the box in the sideboard drawer. "I'm going to guzzle them myself. Pity to spoil it when I've got Larry believing he adores raw carrots." She paused a minute, and added briskly: "Well, thanks again. Thanks most awfully."

There was nothing for it but to turn and go. Robina didn't say: "I've got the kettle on—how about a cup of tea?" She didn't suggest a picture that night, or Sheila joining them in a game of cards.

Two days later there was a tap on Sheila's door, and she opened it hopefully. But it wasn't Robina. Instead, Larry stood there, holding out a plate and grinning broadly.

"My wife sent 'em. They're scones—I think. Let's hope they don't kill you!"

So that was that. Robina had repaid her for the chocolates. The scones, a little on the doughy side, were sawdust in Sheila's mouth as, downstairs, the kitchen door slammed decisively.

Remembering, Sheila turned from the window. I don't have to stay here, she thought. I'll look for somewhere else. This afternoon. Now. Even a boarding-house would do. The old people would at least talk to me.

Wandering about the neighborhood, she picked out two houses that seemed the most likely boarding-houses. True, they were big and run-down. There were probably draughts and perhaps

even mice in the wastepaper baskets. But one had a tennis court, which would be useful in summer. And the other had an attractive little balcony, overlooking the Downs.

By the time she got back to Laurel Road, Sheila had made up her mind. She would give Robina notice right away; that would force her to move to another place.

She rather dreaded knocking at the kitchen door. But, surprisingly, there was no need. The door stood wide open, and Robina, turning from the stove, called out: "Oh, Miss Merrick, just a minute—I've had my eye out for you!"

She smiled her fleeting smile as Sheila came along the hall. "Larry and I were wondering if you'd join us to-night. We've got a man coming—"

"He's my boss," Larry said, yawning. "He's

a photography fiend, both in the office and out. He'll probably lug along his screen and projector."

"I see," Sheila said. The split second image of a gay, young man, of an evening of laughter and talk, vanished.

"I'm afraid I—"

"Oh, no, you don't see," Robina said. "Hugh Martin isn't bald or decrepit or anything. He's only a few years older than Larry. It's just—"

She exchanged a look with her husband. "people are such bores. But do come."

Up in her room again, Sheila felt herself tingle with sudden resentment. Why ever had she let them coerce her into accepting their invitation? It wasn't as if they really wanted her company—she was just someone to help them entertain a dull young man.

A young man who actually brought his snapshots with him—and a screen to project them on! A magic-lantern affair, Sheila supposed. The very thought of it made her want to yawn as openly as Larry Manning.

She got up suddenly out of her chair. She wouldn't go. There wasn't a reason in the world why she should be victimised. She would go downstairs now—spin them some story about a remembered engagement for this evening.

She had her hand on the doorknob when she thought of Hugh Martin. What a horrible time he would have, poor man—particularly if he were sensitive to atmosphere! Robina's barely concealed boredom. Larry's offhand politeness. And those looks they interchanged—looks that shut everyone else out.

She could at least save the situation for the young man, Sheila thought. Take the lead herself. Draw him out, and keep the conversation going, so that they wouldn't get around to the snapshots.

In the office, they told her she was quite a good talker—and she had a fund of amusing stories. Perhaps she could prove to the Mannings that all people were not bores.

That evening, Sheila went quietly downstairs, buoyed up by the assurance that she looked almost as attractive as Robina in her new-length full skirt and off-the-shoulder blouse. The Mannings, she thought, might well open their eyes when they saw her.

But Larry and Robina, greeting her, didn't flicker an eyelash. She might just as well have been wearing a flour-sack.

Please turn to page 40

Page 11

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CADBURY'S RED LABEL
DRINKING
CHOCOLATE
 Simply add to Hot Milk



Instantly Prepared

Made in an instant—Red Label Drinking Chocolate dissolves at once . . . You simply stir a couple of teaspoonfuls into a cup of hot milk and it's ready to drink.

A delicious chocolate treat

Red Label is the luxury chocolate drink for all the family—at the family price. It's already sweetened—no trouble to make.



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 DRINKING CHOCOLATE

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"TELL ME, PLEASE," said Alice, "why are you painting those roses?" "Why, the fact is, you see, Miss," said Two, "we put a white one by mistake." At that moment "Five" called "The Queen," and the gardeners threw themselves flat on their faces.

"COME BACK," the Caterpillar called. "I've something important to tell you. Keep your temper." "Is that all?" said Alice. "No," said the Caterpillar.



"WHO ARE THESE?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners. "How should I know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. The Queen turned crimson with fury, and screamed, "Off with her head!" "Nonsense!" said Alice.

THE MOCK TURTLE sighed as if his heart was breaking. "What is his sorrow?" asked Alice. "It's all his fancy," said the Gryphon. "He hasn't got no sorrow, you know."



"TAKE THIS," Alice picked up a little bit of stick and held it out to the puppy, whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once with a yelp of delight. Like the other puppets, it is nine inches high, made of plastic rubber with metal "bones and muscles," has a mechanism concealed in its head.

"DO YOU KNOW why it's called a Whiting?" said the Gryphon. "Why?" said Alice. "It does the boots and shoes," the Gryphon replied solemnly.



"TWO DAYS WRONG," sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," he added, looking angrily at the March Hare. "It was the best butter," the March Hare meekly replied. "Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.



TEN SOLDIERS came carrying clubs: these were all shaped like the three gardeners. Next the guests, mostly all Kings and Queens. "Why," said Alice, "they're only a pack of cards after all."



"CAN YOU SWIM?" the King asked the Knave of Hearts. The Knave shook his head sadly. "Do I look like it?" he said.

ALICE IN FILMLAND

ALICE IN WONDERLAND already has been filmed five times. In this version the fantastic animals are not acted by people. They are puppets, but not like other puppets. They are free from the wooden string-tied jerkiness of marionettes. On the screen they seem to be real creatures.

An American sculptor, Lou Bunin, perfected the puppets for use in films. These pictures show some of Alice's adventures, and some of the animals she met. They illustrate the perennial interest in Lewis Carroll's classic story, not only as a tale, but as a timeless commentary on the fantasy of life.

The film is released by the J. Arther Rank organisation.



CAROL MARSH, teen-age English actress, was chosen from more than five hundred aspirants to play the part of Alice. The only live artists in the actual story sequences are Carol and a live pig which is dressed up in baby's clothes. During the making of the film, Carol had a series of misadventures almost as hair-raising as those of the original Alice. Carol had insisted on doing all the "stunts" herself.

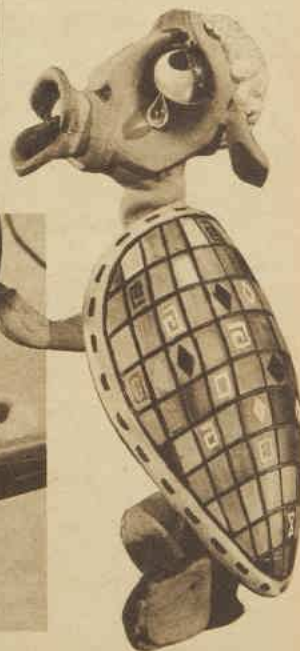


THE DUCHESS spoke in a low growl. "If everyone minded their own business the world would go round a deal faster than it does." "Which would not be an advantage," said Alice. "What work it would make. The earth takes twenty-four hours to turn on its axis—" "Talking of axes," said the Duchess, "chop off her head."

THE CROQUET GROUND seemed most curious to Alice. It was all ridges and furrows; the croquet balls were live hedgehogs; and the mallets live flamingoes; and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet to make arches.



"PLEASE TELL ME," said Alice timidly, "why do your cats grin like that?" "It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why."



THE MOCK TURTLE—seen from the back. Before filming, the puppets are painted and made up in a manner very similar to that used for human actors.



Finely tailored for perfect fit — and comfort!

Jantzen now means just as much to winter as it does to summer. Just as much to a girl as to a man. Comfort is tailored into the smartness of every Jantzen garment — for leisure . . . for sport . . . and to keep you trimly snug even during working hours.

Her Slacks. Our Jantzen Diving Girl has taken to slacks as smoothly as she takes to water. Fashioned in "Kooba"—a soft cosy wool fabric. Deep side pocket. Side placket with concealed slide fastener. Self fabric adjustable belt. Wide hem for length adjustment. *Navy, Grey, Red Wine, Moss Green, Nigger.*

Her Jantzen Shirt. In soft lightweight "Sunglo" worsted. Simple shirtmaker cut with back fullness. Long sleeves . . . patch pocket. Pearl buttons and detachable shoulder pads. *Beige, Southern Blue, Topaz, Moss Green, Silver Grey.* Also in crease-resisting "Moygashel" rayon.

His Jantzen Cardigan. As always, finely tailored to fit perfectly. Jantzen's window pane check is in *Brown Marl, College Green, Mid Grey, Oxford Blue.* Also plains, and new chalk stripes in long sleeve styles.

Jantzen's Sleeveless Cardigan. Looks well on you because it is so carefully tailored and finished. *College Green, Brown Marl, Oxford Blue, Mid Grey, Dark Grey.* To keep you smartly warm winter after winter.



Jantzen

Obtainable only from retail stores



LORD OF THE MANOR, Sir George Stott, beside the Adam fireplace at Stanton Court, in the English village he inherited from his father but has had to sell because of cost of upkeep and taxes.

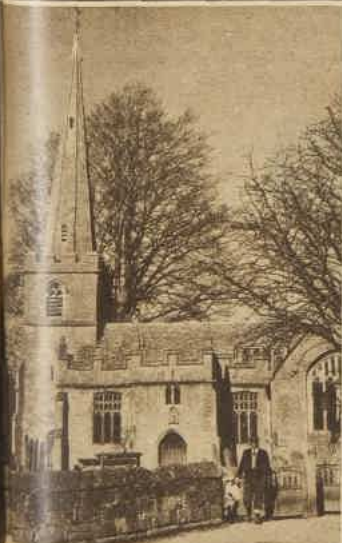


SALE NOTICE is pinned up by policeman on police station which is included in the sale. On 1300-acre estate are eight farms, 33 cottages, quarry, swimming pool, post office, stores, and orchards.



AT OLD CROSS, village meeting place, 72-year-old villager chats with policeman. Villagers fear cottage rents, now from 1/0d. to 10/- a week (rates 3d.) may be raised by new owners.

Lord of the manor sells village



VILLAGE CHURCH framed in its ancient trees. Stanton won title of Britain's best-kept village in 1939, has called itself "the happiest."

● Stanton, picturesque village in the Cotswolds, has been sold to a syndicate of business men by the owner, architect Sir George E. Stott, who inherited it from his architect father in 1937. The late Sir George restored the village at great expense and it was a paying proposition on very low rents and rates. But, with present upkeep and taxes, income meets only half the annual £6000 costs. Syndicate will preserve village intact.



STANTON COURT, stately Elizabethan manor house with 15 bedrooms, fine oak panelling, which Sir George will leave regretfully to live in a London suburban villa. A syndicate member will live in the manor house in future.

The Mealtime Favorite!

Rosella

for FOOD QUALITY

● This famous trademark of quality foods is taken from the beautiful Rosella, the beautiful Australian parrot which is found in Southern Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania.

Rosella

100% AUSTRALIAN

For Mother

THE BEST!



"Pearl," super-grade felt with wool collar; blue, rose, burgundy.



"Yolande," quilted satin; blue, black, salmon.



"Sandra," quilted satin; blue, rose, black, wine, cherry.



"Oriel," quilted satin; blue, rose, black, wine, cherry.



"Therese," super-grade felt with wool collar; blue, rose, burgundy.



"Wynne," super-grade felt; blue, rose, burgundy, black.



"Vida," super-grade felt; blue, rose, burgundy, cherry, also two-tones.



"Nanette," super-grade felt; blue, rose, cherry, burgundy, green, black, helio., also two-tones.

For Mother's Day, 8th May . . .

here is the one gift that is *sure* to delight her. Lovely Nielsen slippers, her own favourites, and long preferred by every woman who seeks the best in leisure hour footwear. See the Nielsen range, more lovely and varied to-day than ever before, now on display at leading city stores and main country centres throughout Australia.

Nielsen's
"NICE TO COME HOME TO"

FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST NIELSEN STORE, WRITE TO NIELSEN DISTRIBUTORS, 154 BROADWAY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Australian ketch in world's longest yacht race

Livingston brothers take boat to U.S.A. for premier blue-water event

With two silver dollars in their pockets, presented by American silver-lead magnate Edwin H. Snyder "for good luck," South Australian yachtsmen Frank and John Livingston are crossing the Pacific in their 58ft. ketch, *Kurrewa III*.

By
MARY COLES
of our
Melbourne
staff

They hope to reach Los Angeles before July 1, to start in the famous Los Angeles-Honolulu race.

FIRST Australian yacht to enter for this 2200-mile blue-water race—the longest in the world—*Kurrewa III* is equipped with a dazzling array of gear, including a gossamer-like 1850 sq. ft. nylon spinnaker worth £150 to be used on special occasions.

The race is organised by the Transpacific Yacht Club, which was delighted to accept an Australian entry, and it is hoped that the complement will be returned by an American yacht entering the next Sydney to Hobart race.

A last-minute decision to accompany her brothers as far as New Zealand was made by Miss Emily Livingston, who undertook the cooking for the Tasman crossing.

Aboard the ketch are: Frank Livingston, skipper; his younger brother, John, mate; Bill Mitchell, of Sydney, sailing master; another Harbor yachtsman, young Bill Gordon; New Zealanders Terry Hammond, who has interrupted a medical course to navigate the ketch, experienced yachtsmen Bill Lush and Henry Podmore; and Alan Bath, former Canadian merchant-navy man.

The brothers Livingston refer to *Kurrewa* affectionately as "the old girl." Her mettle was really tested when she was first to cross the line in last year's Auckland to Sydney race after surviving one of the worst cyclones ever to strike small craft in the Tasman.

With the skipper, Frank Livingston, lashed to the wheel, and John and the crew frantically working the pumps, while waves 50ft. high swept the decks, *Kurrewa* finally sailed through Sydney Heads, breaking previous crossing records by two hours, 36 minutes, after her nine days, 21 hours' voyage.

In the Los Angeles-Honolulu race, *Kurrewa III* will be competing with yachts being raced by many leading American blue-water yachtsmen and film stars Errol Flynn and Humphrey Bogart.

It's an honor and glory affair with a small cup for the winning yacht—and a lei placed round the neck of the skipper by a lovely Hawaiian maiden, hopefully anticipates Frank with a humorous twinkle.

After making a short cruise aboard *Kurrewa* in Port Phillip Bay, just before she hoisted sail for New Zealand, where three members of her crew will join her, I've a hunch that



YACHTSMEN learn cookery. Frank Livingston takes a batch of rock cakes from the electric oven and John experiments with pressure-cooker.

the next time we see the Livingstons one will be wearing a floral lei, and the other clutching a small cup.

Although their birthdays are 18 months apart, the brothers could be taken for twins. The 40-odd-year-old racehorse owners, huntmen, yachtsmen, art connoisseurs, and raconteur graziers live on their station, "Curratun Estate," Mt. Gambier, S.A., with their sister Emily, when they are at home.

At sea they have a standing rule that one brother is on deck while the other is below. John admits that he has a horror of collision, and vigilance is never relaxed even when they are hundreds of miles out at sea.

But his greatest problem at sea is sea-sickness.

"I love the sea, and there is nothing in the world I enjoy more than yachting . . . but I do get beastly sea-sick, and usually when I am most needed," he told me, with Lord Nelson-like resignation.

The brothers are sons of South Australian pastoralist and politician, the late John Livingston, Federal member for Barker for 23 years.

Miss Emily Livingston and another sister, Miss Lila Livingston, whose home is in Melbourne, are as enthusiastic about the Los Angeles-Honolulu race as their brothers.

Two months before *Kurrewa* left her moorings at the Royal Victorian Yacht Club at Williamstown Emily came up to Melbourne, and her sister's flat in Toorak was turned into a quartermaster's store, where equipment for *Kurrewa's* trip was assembled.

Between them the sisters worked out food needed for the voyage, taught their brothers to use a pressure-cooker, to make scones, and supervised the jointing of two



OUTWARD BOUND 58ft. ketch *Kurrewa*, now on her way to the United States for the start of the Transpacific Yacht Club's Los Angeles to Honolulu 2200-mile race, for which she is the only Australian entrant. The ketch is owned and sailed by Frank and John Livingston, of South Australia, as skipper and mate.



FAMILY AFFAIR. Miss Emily Livingston goes aboard *Kurrewa III* with a pressure-cooker, and her brothers, John and Frank, handle some other stores. The ketch was equipped in Melbourne.

sheep neatly packed into the refrigerator.

They shopped for sea-blue linen and made attractive pillow covers for the bunks, bought matching towels and an attractive blue-and-white-checked breakfast cloth—"for use when guests come aboard."

Space sets of linen were included, with the instructions "Not to be used until arrival in the United States."

"As *Kurrewa III* is representing Australia, we want her to look perfect when she is inspected overseas," Miss Emily Livingston explained as she checked over stores.

To conserve precious fresh-water supplies, the sisters bought stocks of beverages like coffee essence and cocoa, which just need the exact cupful of hot water.

Serious shortage of fresh water could occur when *Kurrewa* is taking part in the race. Before the start

her propeller will be removed, and she will have her engines sealed.

Fresh water will be replenished from rain by spreading on deck a canvas sheet from which a hose will run into the tank.

The brothers have quite a fleet of little ships. Besides *Kurrewa III*, they own *Kurrewa II*, an 8-metre Sydney Harbor racing yacht.

In Melbourne they sail a "twelve-footer" on Albert Park lake. At home, they cruise up and down the Glenelg River in a 45ft. motor boat. Behind the motor boat trails their own invention for river-travel comfort. They have lashed together three Air Force rafts bought from the Disposals Commission, and erected tents on them to provide a living-room, galley, sleeping quarters, and bathroom, for use of guests who holiday at the station.

The Governor of South Australia,



CANADIAN merchant seaman Alan Bath (left), who has been crew member of *Kurrewa* for three years, and New Zealander Terry Hammond, navigator.

Sir Willoughby Norrie, and Lady Norrie, and Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Menzies are among those who have enjoyed this novel hospitality.

As I watched *Kurrewa's* silhouette merge into the sunset and sheen of the water in Port Phillip Bay as she headed for the ocean on April 19, I remembered the Livingstons' final wisecrack to me: "We'll be all right. We own Australia's slowest race-horses . . . safest hunters . . . and fastest yachts!"

OUR COVER

THE fashion picture on our cover this week was taken in Pierre Balmain's Paris salon specially for The Australian Women's Weekly, when he showed his spring collection. It was flown to Australia. The mannequin standing is Nancy Thompson, highest-paid model in America, who was a guest mannequin at Balmain's. Seated is Carolee Jacquet, who came to Australia for the first of our Paris Fashion Parades.

Nancy's beach suit is of darkest green linen with a white top. Gold coins are slung from the patent-leather belt. Cotton scarves are wound round her head intricately. With a black jersey top Carolee wears red linen pirate's pants.

Editorial

MAY 7, 1949

MOTHER'S DAY

MOTHER'S Day, with its family gatherings and floral tributes, comes round again this Sunday. The young mothers who will be visiting their own mothers and taking their babies along are the luckier generation in at least one respect.

Modern medicine has made childbirth immeasurably safer during the past twenty years. Professor Bruce Mayes, Professor of Obstetrics at Sydney University, said recently that, in the not distant future, it will be rare for a woman to die in childbirth.

Safer birth, however, is the only thing that is different about motherhood to-day.

As always, a woman who has a child sells herself into a bondage that lasts as long as she lives.

The surprising thing is that so few rebel against it. The world has few "bad mothers" whose children must be given into other hands.

The majority of women are transformed by motherhood. Whatever their earlier interests, they become mothers first. They are as lions in defence of their young.

Many solemn articles have warned wives against being submerged in maternal interests and becoming neglectful of or less attractive to their husbands.

Such warnings are as words in the wind.

Which is why there is so much reason to celebrate Mother's Day.

The best husbands, of course, accept a secondary role philosophically. They know motherhood brings out the best in women and they benefit as much as anybody.

Which is, perhaps, why they deserve a Father's Day.

Plenty of jobs for women —not many 'plums'

From our Melbourne office

Last month more than 45,000 jobs for women and girls throughout Australia went begging.

They ranged from 30/- a week vacancies for very junior sales-girls to professional positions at higher pay.

BUT executive jobs for women and positions for receptionists, commercial artists, radio announcers and script writers, air hostesses, and models were "plums" in the hard-to-come-by category.

"Most firms to-day simply want 'staff,' many would-be business-career women insist.

They say that the bulk of the jobs available to women at present carry salaries of from £3/10/- to £7, and hold small promise of promotion to positions of greatly increased status and corresponding salary.

"It is only in professional fields where examination papers provide an impersonal assessment of ability that women are really able to compete with men for top-line jobs," they say.

An attractive young woman advertising executive attributes her promotion from secretary to her present job to the fact that she offered her resignation from the firm at a psychological moment when her immediate replacement was practically impossible.

She was eventually offered higher status to continue doing the work she had already been doing for some time as one of the company's many private secretaries.

She is emphatic that to hold down a man's job a girl must be not just as competent as a man, but must have at least twice as much ability, and then resign herself to receiving only half to three-quarters the salary of a male executive holding a similar job.

"On several occasions I have been excluded from board meetings on the ground that I might be embarrassed being the only woman at a large meeting of men," she says.

"I'm too interested in my job to even think of being embarrassed."

"Being a guest at advertising representatives' luncheons regularly attended by my male predecessor is also considered to be outside my sphere," she added.

Company director

ONE of the few women in Australia to become a company director without previously owning a substantial parcel of shares in the firm is Miss Reta Findlay, of Melbourne.

Miss Findlay joined the advertising staff at George's Ltd. in Collins Street—one of Melbourne's oldest-established and most dignified retail stores—as a copy writer. Her ability and enthusiasm eventually won her the appointment of advertising manager. She made a brilliant success of this job for nine years.

Three years ago she was invited to become an associate director of the firm, and is now reputed to be one of the highest-salaried women business executives in Australia.

Another woman to hold an unusually responsible executive job for a woman is Miss Evaline Young, who has just retired as secretary of the Victoria Palace, Ltd., Melbourne.



MODELLING WORK is goal of 19-year-old Judith Granowski, of Toorak, Vic., studying morning paper employment ads. She recently completed modelling course at mannequin school.

the largest residential hotel in Australia.

She began her career as a bank ledger-keeper and studied accountancy in her spare time.

In 1925 she joined the Victoria Palace staff as secretary to the secretary of the company, who was in ill health.

When he resigned she was appointed to his position as she knew the ropes so well.

Following Miss Young's retirement, the job has now reverted to a male secretary.

Mr. H. A. Bland, Assistant Secretary of the Commonwealth Department of Labor and National Service in Melbourne, offers the explanation that top-line executive jobs are hard for women to "crack" in Australia, because women haven't yet a "scarcity value" in this field.

He points out, however, that the scarcity of male labor has already broken down prejudice against employing women in a wide variety of occupations once regarded as exclusively masculine.

"Women horticulturists and landscape gardeners are now just as sought after as men," he says. "The Commonwealth Government also recently decided to admit women with suitable qualifications to all branches of the Commonwealth Public Service."

He also pointed out that feminists who advocate that men and women engaged in similar work

should receive equal pay sometimes overlook the fact that statistics show that women have higher "wastage" and sickness rates than men.

State Governments, for instance, take the view that women teachers are not being treated unfairly in receiving lower salaries than male teachers.

They reason that it costs the State as much to train a woman teacher as a man, but the State often has a woman's services for only a comparatively short number of years, until she marries.

The employment officer at one of Australia's biggest confectionery firms says one of the trickiest aspects to the employment of women is that firms never know how long women are going to stay.

At present countless married women take temporary jobs to help buy a home or make extra money for family holidays and little luxuries.

A large proportion of them leave the job as soon as their earnings reach a point where their husbands' taxation will be adversely affected. And so the labor shortage continues.

Training paid for

THE tremendous demand for all types of women office workers has now reached a stage where firms are prepared to employ inexperienced juniors and bear the expense of sending them to business colleges for training in shorthand, typing, book-keeping, and all branches of office routine.

Other inducements now offered by most big firms and factories needing staff include canteens, clubs with full social and sporting facilities, and free periods each month for shopping. Free medical and dental treatment and even higher education classes are among amenities provided by some firms.

One enterprising woollen mills has solved its staff problem by setting up a beautifully equipped nursery kindergarten with a fully trained director, assistant kindergarten teacher, and a cook on the factory premises.

Here kiddies from two to six years old are cared for under ideal circumstances from 7.45 a.m., when their mothers "clock in," until they finish work at 4.15 p.m.

This firm also has a hairdressing salon on the premises, where employees may have their hair styled free of charge in working time.

The management considers it is cheaper to "donate" an hour or so of working time to an on-the-spot hair-do than it is to lose the services of a girl for half a day, which is the case if she takes time off to have it done elsewhere.

Wages earned by employees with this firm range from minimum junior award of £2 a week for 15-year-olds to fat envelopes containing up to £10 and £15 a week.

But these are not the salaries of women executives, but of employees who work long and fast and on a piecework basis.

The greatest shortage of female labor in several States is in the clothing and textile trades—a recent survey listed over 6000 vacancies in Victoria alone.

Interesting People



PROF. MACMAHON BALL
... Political Science Chair

FACTS detached from personal bias must be keynote to study of political affairs," says Professor MacMahon Ball, appointed to Melbourne University's first Chair of Political Science in Australia. Rockefeller and Carnegie Scholarship winner, he represented British Commonwealth on Allied Council in Japan, was adviser to Australian delegation at U.N. Conference in U.S.A., represented Commonwealth in Java during Indonesian campaign.



MRS. MARJORIE RHOADES
... fashion consultant

UNUSUAL career of design consultant has been made by attractive Mrs. Marjorie Field Rhoades, of London, a member of the Society of Industrial Artists, and former costume consultant to Paramount Films. She lectures to the Royal College of Arts School of Fashion, gave up designing spurs clothes for a leading dress house, "because I prefer advising." Married to Mr. Ivo Rhoades, formerly of Sydney, her hobby is sculpture.



MR. KARL JOHAN ROSSING
... research on Australian old

TWENTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Karl Johan Rossing, M.A., student of Upsala University, Sweden, is visiting Australia to collect material for thesis on Henry Handel Richardson, author of Australian classic "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony." In Perth has already uncovered data of interest, will later work in Victoria, Tasmania, and Commonwealth Library, Canberra. Mr. Rossing hopes to gain Doctorate of Letters from research.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By Gus



DEBTS AT MATRONS' BALL. Excited young debutantes Jillian Nilsson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Nilsson, of Mirani, Walcha, and Jennifer Linsley, daughter of the Rex Linsleys, of Harben Vale, Blandford, make debut at Royal Sydney.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Major Kenneth Cole, R.E., and his bride, formerly Madame Caroline Chambrelent, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with Air Vice-Marshal Adrian ("King") Cole, of Melbourne, who attended the bridegroom, and Mrs. Ernest Watt, who held reception for couple at her Point Piper home. Madame Chambrelent came to Australia to direct The Australian Women's Weekly fashion parades here.



A.J.C. PLATE DAY. Mr. and Mrs. Sid Field, of Gordon Brook, Grafton, attend last day of Autumn Meeting at Randwick. Sid and Bubbles have been staying in Sydney over Easter, and spent a lot of their time at Show looking at stud cattle.



VISITING COMEDIAN Stanley Holloway and his charming wife, who have come to Australia for concert season here, and in New Zealand. The Holloways' son, Julian, aged five, is with his parents.

Intimate Gossipings

GREAT exodus from Sydney when country people who have been down for the Easter festivities all make the trek homewards to go "bush" again... for a few weeks at least.

But there's no doubt about their indefatigable energy, because, as cars were being piled high with luggage in Castlereagh Street, everyone was cheerily saying, "Well, see you at the ram sales next month."

I'm sure they must all go to bed with the birds when they get home and store up all this energy to shame us city folks when they hit town.

TWELVE attractive country matrons already have plans in hand for dance at the Royal Sydney Golf Club for their young daughters, who have recently left school. Some of the lasses made their debut at the Matrons' Ball this Easter, but for some of them it will be their first big dance. Date set is May 27, which falls about the middle of ram sales.

AT the dance will be the Norman Allens, of Kiah Lake, Cooma, and their daughter Rosemary; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bragg, of Rosegold, Aberdeen, and their daughter Sally; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Horsley, of Gundagai, and their daughter Mary; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jackson, of Buttebone stud, Warren, and their daughter Morag; Mr. and Mrs.



WED AT ST. MICHAEL'S. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Yates leave St. Michael's, Vaucluse, after their marriage for reception at home of bride's mother, Mrs. C. Darrell, of Point Piper. Peter is only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Yates, of Rose Bay.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Donald Craig and his vivacious bride, formerly Jasmin Barton, leave All Saints', Hunter's Hill, after their marriage. Jasmin is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Sterling Barton, of Double Bay, and Don is only son of Mrs. M. Craig, of Dubbo, and late Mr. W. A. Craig.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Pretty bride Mrs. Charles Edols cuts cake assisted by her husband at reception at Ranelagh following wedding at All Saints', Woollahra. Bride formerly Peggy Booth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Booth, of Dubbo. Charles is son of Mrs. Edols, Warroo, Forbes.



GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. Given ("Starkie") Stark attends garden party at Government House with pretty Susan Winton Flynn. "Starkie" comes down to Sydney from home at General for Easter festivities and trousseau shopping. Her wedding with Bill Caldwell is set for July 23.

Henry Kater, of Swatchfield, Oberon, and their daughters Maryanne and Joan; Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Latham, of Scone, and their daughter Elizabeth; Mr. and Mrs. Rex Linsley, of Harben Vale, Blandford, and their daughter Jennifer; Mr. and Mrs. Ian McDonald, of Kings Plains, Glen Innes, and their daughter Mora; Captain and Mrs. David McIntyre, of Muswellbrook, and their daughter Sue; Mr. and Mrs. Peter White, of Havilah, Mudgee, and their daughter Diana; Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkinson, of Cooma, and their daughter Christina; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Baillieu, of Tungal, Cassilis, and their daughter Lois.

EYE-CATCHING: Those orchids worn by "Blue" Thompson presented by husband, Frank, when they dined at Romano's after Babe and Francis Graham's cocktail party at Point Piper for country friends. The Thompsons were celebrating their sale of yearlings from their stud, Widden, Muswellbrook. Fobs worn by Jeannette Falkner and Mid MacDermott at races at Randwick. Jeannette's was gold jockey and horse, while Mid's was same motif, only in maroon. Mid punts with Mrs. Clive Carney, who is excited about moving into new home at Vaucluse. Jeannette and Mac Falkner leave for Melbourne for some shopping before returning to Deniliquin.

LEADING the field in late afternoon parties was the Union Club's annual reception, which was held on Ladies' Day at Randwick in club's spacious flower-filled rooms. President of the club, Dr. H. C. Adams, and vice-president, Mr. E. W. Street, and Mr. Lennox Bode received guests with cheery "hello" at doorway. Males evidently on their mettle to show the ladies how a party should be done when they give their wives their one yearly glimpse of club.

Lots of young people attend party. See the Playfair daughters, Wendy and Sue, surrounded by young friends. Chat with Mrs. Archie Baker, of Laura, Armidale, who makes final Sydney appearance to say "good-bye" to countless friends before sailing in Orades. Mrs. Baker off to England to see her son George.

BRIEFLY: Lots of farewells for Ann Gurr, who leaves in Orades for first trip to England, where she will stay at Oxford with her great-grandmother, Mrs. E. Johnson, and her daughter, Mrs. H. Rogers. Ann has been working with Commonwealth Film Unit, and hopes to visit studios in England and on the Continent. . . . Honeymoon in Queensland for Hildegard Malmgren and John Bleakley, who marry this Wednesday at Shore Chapel. John's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bleakley, entertain in couple's honor at pre-wedding buffet supper at their Warrawee home. . . . Quiet wedding for Philip Hoskins, of Oberon, and Jeannette Miller at Presbyterian Church, Neutral Bay. Reception was held after ceremony at home of Jeannette's mother, Mrs. Kingsley Strack.

SO many private cocktail parties, some with hundreds of guests, down to those with small groups who drop in for a noggin, not to mention the continual round of parties among country people who organize a noice at the drop of a hat when they get a few convivial souls round them. . . . Norman and Bonnie Reading, from Wambidgee, Cootamundra, give super party at Royal Sydney and entertain lots of country friends as well as city ones. Young guests predominate at Sunday party given by Betty and Bill Kendall at their home at Bellevue Hill, and also at Vena and Reg Robson's party at Caeleon, Bellevue Hill. Few days afterwards Reg pulls off big quiz prize and wins £765.

MOSTLY country guests at cocktail party given by Col. and Mrs. Bruce Steer at Romano's. The Steers have been staying with Laurie's father, Mr. Olway Falkner, at Boonoke, Conargo, and like so many people are house-hunting. They would like something down Eden way, as Bruce is big game fisherman.

RON and Hope Wilmott's party at their Vaucluse home had interstate flavor. Hope's sister, Win Kellow, from Melbourne, is among guests, and helps her sister entertain. Win delighted to see nephews Tony and Geoffrey.

ED was so excited he hardly noticed her. "Wait and see," he said, and streaked into the bedroom. He was out again in two seconds.

"Hey! What have you got my dinner-suit laid out for?" And then he noticed Connie for the first time. "And why are you wearing that outfit?"

Connie looked terrific. She was wearing one of those long red dinner dresses made out of cloth that looks like metal.

"What's this for?" Ed asked again. "This article I read to-day," Connie said, "told how a husband and wife ought to dine formally at home every once in a while. Go in and put on your dinner clothes, darling."

"I see," said Ed. "Well, well." He nodded agreeably and went back into the bedroom.

This is where the worm turned—or so Ed thought. At any rate, it was finally Connie's turn to be shocked.

Ed had changed clothes, all right. He was wearing a pair of red swimming trunks.

He marched in like a life-saver, strutted up and down before Connie, flexing his muscles, and then he climbed up on the mantelpiece.

"Swim-Fast Trunks, the he-man's swim togs," he shouted, "give you freedom!"

With that he did a swallow-dive right across the room on to the couch.

"Ed!" cried Connie. "What are you doing?"

"Wheel!" Ed yelled, climbing back on the mantelpiece. "It's Swim-Fast Trunks for me every time!"

He did a forward somersault and landed on his feet in the middle of the rug.

"Look at the freedom!" Ed yelled, standing on his head. "Yippee!" He ran into the bedroom and came out with a golf club and a ball. "Wear 'em for any sport."

He put down the ball, took a full swing, and knocked it through the front window.

"It's the he-man's life for me!" Ed thundered, rushing back into the bedroom. He returned a second later, smoking a huge pipe.

Connie found her voice at last. "Ed! Stop this nonsense! This minute! And watch that pipe—you'll get ash on the carpet! What are you smoking it for, anyhow? You know I hate pipes!"

Ed looked at her blankly. "How

No Home Should Be Without One

Continued from page 4

could anybody," he asked, in a soothing, drawing voice, "not like the swelly-old, smelly-old, taste-tantalizin' aroma of Old Smoke-stack?" He shook his head and smiled. "It's a real man's smoke—the honest-to-goodness way to smokin' enjoyment, pardner!"

"Stop it!" Connie demanded.

"Stop what?" Ed asked, innocently. "Stop acting like some idiotic advertisement in a magazine! Put out that filthy pipe. Take off those trunks!"

Ed began to grin.

"Okay," he said. "I'll stop—if you'll stop talking about your Dish-Dream and your Toast-thing and your Carpet-Ballet."

Connie shook her head. "Don't be silly. I love my new appliances and I love my recipes and—"

"Robbishi!" Ed shouted, standing up. "Why don't you get interested in something else? Why don't you go to the pictures in the afternoon, or to a concert, or the library, or get a job, or—"

Connie stood up and faced him. "Or what?"

"Or—" Ed's words vanished into thin air. A strange, licked look spread over his face.

"As a matter of fact," Connie said, "I think getting a job would be a perfectly wonderful idea, darling. I'd never have thought of it myself."

Ed began to say something, then stopped.

"But," Connie said, "I'm not going to take my old job back."

Ed jumped three feet. "What?" He rushed over and knelt before her, his arms around her waist. "But, Connie, you've got to! You've got to get out of this house!"

Connie shook her head. "No, indeed. I wouldn't leave my new electrical appliances and magazines for anything."

The doorbell rang. In a daze, Ed walked over and jerked it open. Mr. Dinwiddie stood there, also in a daze, rubbing his head. He was holding the golf ball in his hand.

"This came out your window," he said, in a queer, strained voice. "It might have killed me." Then he caught sight of Ed's swimming trunks. "Going swimming?"

"Yes," said Ed. "I mean no." He took his employer by the arm. "Come in, Mr. Dinwiddie."

Mr. Dinwiddie came in, all right—just as he had the night before. He spilled over that couch, fell in a heap

and lay there in a position of dramatic surprise.

Ed scrambled over, almost fearful. "Mr. Dinwiddie, sir, are you—"

"I'll never be the same," said Mr. Dinwiddie.

"Mr. Dinwiddie," said Ed, helping the old man into a chair. "I want to apologise for—"

Rubbing his hip, Mr. Dinwiddie brushed Ed aside and made his way carefully to a chair.

"You should apologise," he said, when he was safely seated. "I am a patient man, Ed. But I don't mind saying that my patience has never been tried as much as you've tried it in the past twenty-four hours. You trip me with couches. You choke me with puppy biscuits. And then—" his voice almost broke—"you hit me with golf balls."

Ed lowered his voice. "I know," he said, gloomily. "I'm fired."

"Yes," said Mr. Dinwiddie. "You're fired. You are no longer a junior account executive at the Dinwiddie Advertising Agency."

Ed gulped and looked at Connie. "In fact," Mr. Dinwiddie continued, "you are now a senior account executive."

Ed's eyes almost popped out.

Mr. Dinwiddie got up and began waving his arms. "Happy Puppy Puppy Biscuits—the only puppy biscuits fit for human consumption!" he shouted. "It's terrific! Young man, you've discovered the advertising idea of the century!"

Ed felt faint.

"Furthermore," Mr. Dinwiddie proclaimed, "Connie, here, will do the illustrations."

Ed began to smile.

Connie raised her hand. "Oh, no. No, she won't."

ED stopped smiling. "But, Connie!" He stretched out his hands to her, imploringly. "You said you wanted your old job back!"

"I did—and you tried to keep me from it, didn't you?"

Ed nodded shamefacedly.

"I wanted to show you," Connie went on, "that woman's place isn't necessarily in the home." She turned to Mr. Dinwiddie. "I can't come back, Mr. D. It's sweet of you to offer, though."

Ed wanted to die.

"You remember all those magazines you gave me to keep me from being bored?" Connie asked.

Ed wondered what the quickest way of suicide was. "Yes," he swallowed.

"Well," said Connie, slowly, "one of them was The Modern Mother." She smiled at the beaming Mr. Dinwiddie. "I guess I'll have to do those drawings here at home."

Ed hasn't stopped grinning yet. (Copyright)

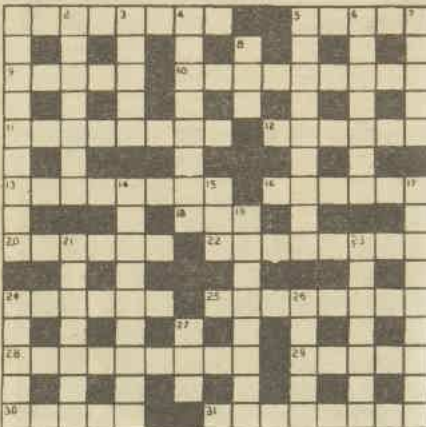
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 40

ACROSS

1. Applaud the sulky for such a flash display of empty words (8).
2. Pope common men who have a chequered career (5).
3. Tauber when he lost a partner (5).
4. He lives in state in an Old London theatre to finish re-creating "Ruin" (8).
5. She sets me back to front on the equilateral (8).
6. Persuades Ireland to make a hidden wish (6).
7. Concerning the present Ted, it's really famous (8).
8. Have stewed in choky (6).
9. Confer a title on (7).
10. Young fellow, wither away? (6).
11. Dreadful to utterly remove the towels without delay (8).
12. When pointing he never comes to the front (4).
13. Lost rice tangle (4).
14. Brown dove not possess one tail say to return for our bite and pieces of art (4, 1, 4).
15. Backward, Henry VIII married two of them which leave (5).
16. Bloodstock! Worm! Heel! See through him when he turns (8).
17. Break Sail In It (8).

DOWN

1. Hal traced lead chart and each group resolved to find the church (9).
2. When the folk is removed it remains behind and starts a volume of examples (7).
3. Where we get meaty roll in a meal (5).
4. It's not elementary to have Philo in to sun up what's lost (8).
5. Sue finds unpeppier literature clever (9).
6. Fish makes 14 down (7).
7. Meaning perception (5).
8. Very cold and spicy the postscript turned out (7).
9. What goes to the wall as a result of the blue in the laundry (8).
10. Anyway it's useless (3).
11. Ed, my dear? It's crazy building castles in the air (9).
12. Will be able to make tea in the bustle (5, 3).
13. Deuce, you should not be there. I have mislaid (7).
14. Queen of the Fairies (7).
15. The confused noise of talk must be Adam's boy (5).
16. Insertion in the eggs to be hatched (5).
17. Weep (3).



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 38

ACROSS: 1—Daf-to-ell (lid of tad turned), 2—Man-let (let turned), 3—Primeral, 4—Cinema (hidden), 5—Lately (knag), 6—Pooh pooh (hoop turned), 7—C-and-les, 8—Darth, 9—All, 10—Al-o-y, 11—Comp-inge, 12—Hoo-d-sing, 13—No-sing, 14—Easter, 15—Agrarian, 16—Sp-lash, 17—Man-till-a.

DOWN: 1—D-apple, 2—Finty, 3—Overleaf, 4—I-van, 5—A-light, 6—Tee-total, 7—Lo-s-thin-g, 8—Lobe-lia, 9—Adam-ant, 10—Lip, 11—Cashiers, 12—Co-loss-al, 13—Ignorant (anag.), 14—B-se/ets, 15—Pill-la-l, 16—Ape-nda (anag. and), 17—Agra (hidden).

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 38

£10 to Mrs. D. Craig, McCaul St., Taringa, Qld.; £5 to Mr. J. Condon, Commonwealth Rolling Mills, Port Kembla, N.S.W.; £5 to Mrs. H. M. Edwards, 51 Forester St., Ashale, Canberra, A.C.T.



It's a washday wonder!
NEW MAGIC
in **RINSO'S**
THICKER, RICHER



WASHES WHITES
WHITER
THAN BRAND-NEW

WASHES COLOURED
BRIGHTER
THAN BRAND-NEW

LADIES! This is once-in-a-lifetime news! White clothes washed whiter than brand-new! Coloureds washed brighter than brand-new! New Rinso brings you these amazing results because there's a new magic in its thicker, richer suds. Even clothes you've had for years get back new whiteness and brightness after being washed in New Rinso. And each time you wash them — THE WHITER AND BRIGHTER THEY GET! Ask for New Rinso to-day. You'll see for yourself there's never been anything like New Rinso before!

BUY IT NOW

New Zealand border collie team works sheep



WITH FOUR DOGS in a line, the working collie drives five sheep through the first gap, turning them later to pass between the next two dogs, and then the next, in response to his master's commands. Then each dog goes through the same performance.

Dogs enjoy every move as they respond to whistles and orders of boss

Sheepdog tactics of "dumb" animals, Roy, Cap, Nell, Bet, and Maid, owned by Mr. R. Fortune, New Zealand border collie breeder, fascinated hundreds of thousands of Australians who saw them working in the ring at the Royal Show, in Sydney.

Mr. Fortune is a Scot who left his native land in 1933 to live in Timaru, New Zealand, where he has a 450-acre mixed farm, a small adjacent property, and the largest kennel of border collies in the country.

"DUMB animals" is their master's affectionate name for them, but I've met people who seemed more dumb.

These sheepdogs are black and white, or black, white, and tan, and their average age is three years. The ones shown in Australia have travelled a lot in their short lives, having covered 25,000 miles by water, road, and air. Their last sea trip

was to Australia on the Wanganella. In New Zealand they travel mainly in the boot of Mr. Fortune's car.

"I have a big car," explained Mr. Fortune, in a rich Scottish accent. "The boot is very roomy, and just holds the dogs. They jump in, wagging their tails, because they love going for a ride. Then I shut the boot and away we go, everybody quite happy, as the vents give them plenty of fresh air."

By HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

Mr. Fortune's acquaintance with and love of sheepdogs began as a boy on his father's farm in Scotland, and when he was 15 he learnt to train his first dog, and has kept on training dogs ever since.

"It's all done with whistles and words," Mr. Fortune told me, jingling the chain which had offshoots to the collars of the dogs who silently moved along at his heels. "And once the dogs are trained, they're trained for life. My ambition is to improve the strain of the working dog. You don't want highly strung dogs for this kind of work; you want reliable, even-tempered ones. Like these."

Usually, by the time a dog is from nine to 13 months old he is trained. "The idea is to reward them when they do the right thing," said their owner. "They know what I say. If I say 'Good doggie' they rush me, but you see the difference if I growl at them."

The dogs are fed on meat, biscuits, and water, kept free from worms, and given plenty of exercise. "That means they're in good condition," Mr. Fortune said, "with good teeth and glossy coats, so naturally they're ready to work."

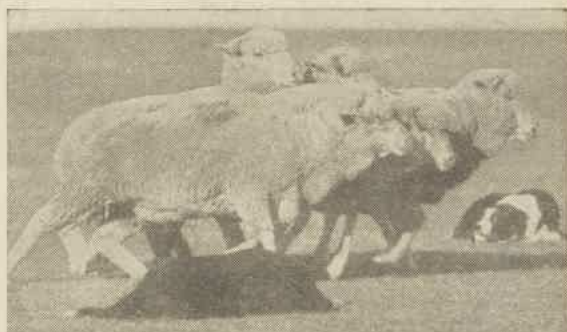
When, during demonstrations, six sheep were sent trotting into the centre of the ring, the dogs pricked up their ears, keen to begin. But there was no exuberant barking, and when they were taken off the chain they knew that Mr. Fortune was master and that his word was law.

In the first exercise the sheep were driven by one dog, Cap, in this case, between the others, until the head of the line formed by the dogs was reached, when the next dog would take over and repeat the performance with Cap taking its place on the ground.

The working dog was directed by the orders "Come here," or "Come by," and very soon had finished his task. At one stage the sheep ran through the same gap twice, and Cap, who was moving them, had to make them do the thing properly.



NEW ZEALAND BORDER COLLIES which work for a living and seem to like it, photographed with their owner, Mr. R. Fortune, of Timaru. They look friendly, but they won't allow anyone but their master to pat them. His praise "Good doggies!" is their best reward.



DOGS CROUCH on the grass motionless, the whites of their eyes showing, as they watch the sheep being driven between them.

My frocks don't
show that
I use **MUM**

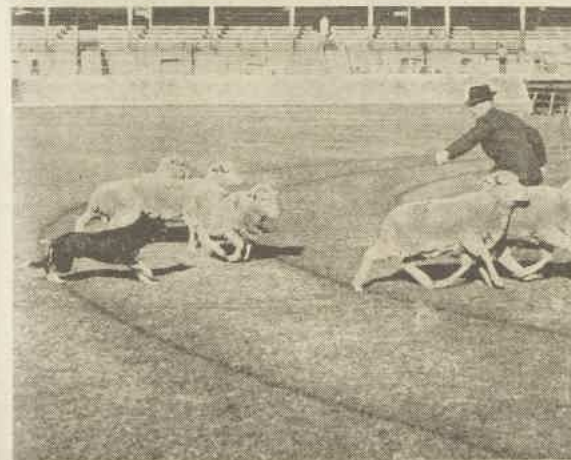
(TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION)



Mum contains NO harsh ingredients that rot or discolor even the finest of fabrics. Mum is a safe, sure protection from underarm odor, easy to apply, even after you're dressed. Snow-white Mum is non-irritating, gentle, and harmless to the skin. It's economical, too, and doesn't dry out in the jar.

Mum keeps you fresh and sweet all day long, and all evening, too. Mum is the safest and surest deodorant.

AVAILABLE
FROM CHEMISTS
EVERYWHERE



DIVIDING THE FLOCK. Mr. Fortune whistles his dog through, and the sheep are divided—three to a pen. Each dog does the job in turn if necessary. Mr. Fortune claims to be the only man in Australasia to work five or six dogs as a team.



MOVING A DOG AT A TIME by whistling to them and calling them by name, Mr. Fortune groups his collies so that the sheep must choose to be penned rather than face the canine semi-circle, motionless but watchful and eager for the slightest move. Mr. Fortune moves his dogs like draughts on a green board.

CITY AMENITIES FOR COUNTRY HOMES

Water, unlimited and controlled, will end the fear of drought and make the land yield continuous rewards for labour and enterprise. Electric power and light will ease the country man's burden and modernise his home. Good roads will bring new cities and towns with shops and schools and hospitals; and the dread of loneliness will come to banish the development of its kind in Australian history. "Caterpillar" Tractors and Earth-Moving Equipment will proudly contribute towards the enrichment of the nation.

**TO PROVIDE
WATER, POWER AND LIGHT
AT THE LOWEST COST TO THE TAXPAYER**

The gigantic task of diverting, harnessing and distributing the waters of the Snowy River for irrigation and hydro-electric systems demands the immense power, ruggedness and economy of "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors and Earth-Moving Equipment.

Some of the roughest terrain in Australia has to be subjected to this £185,000,000 project. Precipitous gorges call for the construction of seven major dams; over 100 miles of tunnels must be blasted through the Australian Alps; over 500 miles of water racelines laid; and 20 power stations built to turn immense torrents into 1,500,000 kilowatts of electric power per year, enabling key industries to be moved inland where, in the event of war, they will be less vulnerable.

In vast national undertakings such as this, "Caterpillar" has proved its superior economy and efficiency over and over again. "Caterpillar" has indeed become woven into the fabric of national economy and standard of living. The ability to stay on the job, to operate year in, year out, giving steady power so that the work may go on without breakdown and with the most economical fuel consumption, means "Caterpillar" gives 20/- worth of full value to every £ the taxpayer invests.

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WORTH Reporting

A WOMAN missionary from a little mission station in Papua has written to tell us how far afield has spread the influence of French fashions we feature.

"Some time ago," she writes, "your magazine featured some French model hats in color. The pictures were very bright and most suitable for teaching various colors, so they were hung on the school wall of their far-away mudland village."

"They were a great attraction for the older girls of about twelve years, who spent much time examining the pictures."

"A few mornings later one girl passed the house with a really good copy of the little yellow turned-up straw hat. Later on the others arrived, all wearing copies of the models in coconut leaf, mugo leaf, or banana fronds, even to the flowers, which they picked on the way to school."

"One hat was just beyond them—a large summery one with veiling as trimming. But not to be outdone, the cook boy provided an old strip of colored print, and so the model was completed."

"When you realise these girls never see hats other than my outdated model, a sundowner in fact, nor see a white woman except myself more than once in two years, you can imagine their interest."

"Little the makers thought that one day their hats would be modelled by girls in one of the outback districts of Papua, where 'fashion parades' consist of new grass skirts or covered print skirts displayed for service on Sunday."

Ship's officers made patchwork picture

THERE'S an interesting "tapestry" in the wardrobe of the sturdy little French Polar vessel Commandant Charcot, which spent a few days in Melbourne on her way back to France from the South Pole.

It is a large colorful patchwork picture of the landing of the French explorer Dumont d'Urville, who, in 1940, discovered Adelle Land, where the French Antarctic Expedition recently attempted to land a scientific expedition.

(The expedition was abandoned when the ship failed to find a passage through the ice-pack.)

The picture, which measures about five feet by three feet, was sketched on discarded canvas by a talented naval artist aboard the ship, and every member of the party put at least a few stitches to help applique odd pieces of material over his drawings.

All sorts of scraps of material were used in the picture, which shows d'Urville, reading a tiny paper chart, his ship, and bird and animal life.

The ship is rigged with real rope, and other materials used ranged from cotton waste from the engine-room to the name-tag from the socks of the Commandant Charcot's captain, Capitaine de Corvette Guillon.

Surrey of dance industry in A.M. for May

TWO-THIRDS of the teachers in Australia's £250,000-a-year learn-to-dance studios are women.

That's not because they are better teachers or dancers, but simply because two-thirds of the pupils are men. And both men and women pupils learn to dance faster when they are taught by the opposite sex.

A.M. for May, out on Monday, May 2, prints a three-page survey of this booming industry. It tells you how studios have taught even the blind and people with an artificial leg to dance.

Other features in A.M. are:

- An article on deafness. Radon, a painless treatment introduced here during the war, can prevent the most common form of deafness. For people already deaf, there are other new developments.
- A painting to frame by Donald Friend, one of Australia's foremost modern painters.
- A picture story of an organised hunting holiday in the heart of the Northern Territory's buffalo and crocodile country.
- Two pages of pictures of a Brisbane girl who forsook hairdressing for stage dancing. She, her husband, and another girl are now headliners in America.

A.M. is on sale now. Price 1/-.



"Phone call for you."

Viscountess tells of picturesque parties

THE Viscountess de Selle du Real, formerly Miss Mary Sharp, of Melbourne, who is visiting Australia with her husband and small son, told us of some wonderful parties she has attended in Cairo, where she lived for three years.

In one place, the home of prominent Egyptologists, a 14-course luncheon was served in a room with a carpet of real red iris blooms. In the next room, filled in soft blues and greens, the pillars were entwined with lilies and lit with fairy lamps.

For a dinner party for 60 guests caviare was flown from Istanbul and packed in ice carved in the shape of a fish and illuminated.

When the Viscount and Viscountess leave Australia they will return to their beautiful little "Villa Arieli" on the Forte dei Marmi in Italy. Forte dei Marmi, about two hours' journey from Florence, is one of the most fashionable beaches in Europe, the Countess told us.

Among the smart beach clothes worn by women, most popular at present are brief bloomer pants bathing suits of striped blue-and-red material.

At night the sea-front is gay with out-of-doors dinner parties at tables lit by ship's lanterns.

At sunset people sip cocktails on the beach, then gather for a leisurely dinner with carluccio, a delicious thick soup made of ten kinds of fish.

Cold spinach, beans, and lettuce with the wonderful olive oil of the district finish the meal, with which Chianti is served.

The carluccio is made by the wife of the bagnino, traditional "keeper of the beach," who looks after umbrellas and tables, cleanliness of the beach, and safety of children. It is a job usually handed from father to son in a trustworthy family.

THREE books, all written by women, are in demand at London libraries. They are "A Wreath of Roses," by Elizabeth Taylor; "A Call For Venus," by Nora Lof; and "I Captured the Castle," by playwright Dodie Smith.

Tongans' disregard for time

A LAND where time means nothing and to-morrow is as good as to-day sounds alluring to most city workers.

Miss Kathleen Grimmer, of Adelaide, who has been teaching at the Queen Salote College at Tonga, says that the people of Tonga have the happiest disregard for time, and 'hereby present some problems.

Writing to Miss Evelyn Tuckwell, of Dulwich, S.A., she says: "Many children arrive at the college having no idea of their age, which they vary according to the needs of the moment."

"To-day a girl may be 13, to-morrow, if it suits her, she may be 21."

"Pupils are not allowed to remain at the college after the age of 21, but if told that it's time to leave they often say politely: 'There was a mistake in the original entry.'"

"When a birth certificate proves one wrong, she may argue that the birth certificate was incorrect. When they enter college they have to produce birth certificates, and we make the entry from that, but may find out eventually that, having lost or forgotten their own, they have brought along someone else's."

"Names of children are often changed, which adds to the confusion. At birth a child is given a name, but all sorts of notable occasions—the death of a relative, birthday of the Queen, birth of a Royal child, or a domestic squabble—are marked by celebrations, which include changing names."

"When a child enters primary school its name is changed, and when it enters Queen Salote College that is considered another suitable occasion for a new name."

"Enrolling day at the college is a test of patience and endurance. Once the child is enrolled it is required to keep that name at school, although at home there may be many changes. Invariably the name by which a teacher knows a pupil means nothing to friends and relatives."

Shorthand inventor's grandson

WHEREVER Mr. Isaac James Pitman stops on his tour of Australia, one question is fired at him with monotonous regularity: "Can you do Pitman's shorthand, Mr. Pitman?"

And, just as regularly, the answer comes back: "Yes. I can do about 120 to 130 words a minute. But that's not very good, is it?"

Grandson of Sir Isaac Pitman, inventor of the system which bears his name, Mr. Pitman often uses the shorthand. He uses it for note-taking in the British House of Commons, of which he is Conservative member for Bath. He also uses it in his private work, for preparing lecture notes, speeches, and reports.

It must be good shorthand, because he hands his notes to a secretary for transcription. Perhaps because of his association with shorthand written on phonetic principles, Mr. Pitman is a firm supporter of the Spelling Reform Bill, recently introduced in the British House of Commons.

"Simple spelling such as 'was' instead of 'wa' would help retain English as the major language among the varied peoples of the British Empire," he said.

Mr. Pitman's trip is chiefly concerned with the family business in Australia. He is chairman and one of the two joint managing directors of the parent Pitman Company, which has 11 subsidiaries with headquarters in every English-speaking country.

His family has a link with the Commonwealth. His grandfather's brother, Jacob Pitman, came to Adelaide in 1837. He came as a builder, became an architect, moved to New South Wales in the middle of the last century, and died in the 'eighties.

Mrs. Pitman, who is with her husband, is a daughter of the late Lord Lake. She is a member of the Board of Visitors of the women's prison at Holloway, and takes a great interest in prison welfare.



A WALLFLOWER AT DANCES



SNUBBED AT PARTIES



EVERY DATE - A FLOP



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A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.

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Cosy warm Kiddies' One Piece **Pyjama Suits**, back-buttoned with flap. In sizes 22", 24", 27". Measured from shoulder to hem of leg.

18/-

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Well tailored smart Double Breasted **Coats** for Kiddies; full artificial silk lining. Half belted back. In sizes 18", 20", 22". Measurement taken from Shoulder to hem.

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Well cut, strongly finished. 2 piece Boys' **Ranger Suits**. Sizes 18", 20", 22". Fully lined Trousers. Measured from Shoulder to hem of leg when buttoned.

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Please write in Block Letters.

HAZEL



"Br-r-r-r... cold!"

BUTCH



"Hereafter you carry your loot separate. The jewels are all over lemon meringue!"

It seems to me...

AT this time of the year, if you're well organised, you can put the millinery departments behind you till spring, barring special occasions or a lottery win.

This season I've discovered a device for making hat buying easier both for oneself and the salesgirl.

You know that terrible feeling when you're sitting surrounded by hats, hair awry, scowling and craning in fresh horror at each profile presented?

You know how, having discovered that the only hat that really gives any help to your face (far from improved by its cross expression) costs seven guineas, you tell the salesgirl that you recall the time when £2.10/- was a frightful price for a hat?

And the salesgirl nobly restrains herself from saying that it wouldn't surprise her if Madame remembers when hats were four a shilling, but indicates by a certain coldness that she doesn't want to hear about the hazy straw you bought in '33?

Well, this device that I mentioned several sentences ago is quite easy. Take a look round at the other ladies. Ignoring the maddening beauties who look nice in spite of any eccentric headgear, inspect the others.

Watch THEM pulling faces at themselves in the mirror, holding up handmirrors, trying to compose their expressions, heaving sighs as they look at the tickets in the hatbands, putting their heads on one side and then the other.

Plenty of people, you see, look just as funny as you do. It's so cheering that your face immediately assumes a much more becoming expression, and likewise your new hat.

AN American perfume millionaire forecasts that soon people will be able to attend aroma concerts, in which "sweeping symphonies of odors will evoke untouched depths of emotion."

He doesn't say whether the scents will go with music, but I should think so. Can't believe that the audience will just sit and sniff.

Imagine the foyer conversations! "I thought the flower perfumes just a little slight for the third movement, didn't you?" "Oh yes, and the woodwinds were a trifle ragged, but that hint of garlic in the scherzo was so amusing."

Which reminds me, not being very knowledgeable about music, I am often at a loss in the foyer conversations at interval. But I'm waiting hopefully for an appropriate occasion to say of a conductor: "I thought his Bach was worse than his Bartok."

A REPORT from an English village that a clock which strikes the hour five minutes before time has made all the locals punctual ought to be treated with reservations.

The clock has behaved in this peculiar way ever since its tower was struck by lightning, and so the story goes, the townspeople find it so convenient they've decided they like it.

The truth probably is that the English love of tradition makes them see the picturesque value of a clock which strikes early.

As one who has long made use of the device of putting the clock on, I can't feel that they are really deluded into being more punctual.

I have an alarm which loses about 15 minutes a day. To offset this I usually put it about half an hour ahead at night. It's not much use. So practised am I in stifling its sound that I often do it without waking.

When I am finally dragged out of bed by the ominous rattle of garbage cans in the street below, or the slam of the milk delivery, a little arithmetic and a radio check soon reveal the dismal truth.

Then there's lightning right enough. But it's I who am struck by it, not the clock.

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 7, 1949



Dorothy Drain

IF actors, artists, writers, and musicians think they have a monopoly of what is called the "artistic temperament," they are wrong.

A girl who dressmakes, and who, to me, always appears to use scissors and machine with the greatest confidence and skill, tells me that there are some days when she feels she simply cannot cut into good material.

Making an attractive frock is, of course, a branch of creative art, and anyone who has suddenly lost confidence in ability to put words, notes, or colors together can imagine the feeling.

But, canvassing occupational worries further, I've heard of an orchardist renowned throughout his district as a skilled pruner of fruit trees.

He, too, has these dark doubts at times, and says that he sometimes has an off day when he can't face the job, fears he'd lack the judgment to choose between one branch and another.

Obviously these nervous frenzies extend to all kinds of jobs in which the worker takes pride, proving that personal vanity is just as powerful an incentive as profit.

IT'S rather old-fashioned these days to worry about women's rights. Anyone with half an eye can see that men's rights is the coming cry. Latest indication of this was the dispute concerning air hostesses on Qantas Constellations.

Flight stewards made a claim that hostesses should be transferred from the charge of the aircraft captain to the senior steward on board. A senior flight steward told the Conciliation Commissioner hearing the claim that air hostesses had "stolen all the glory" from flight stewards aboard.

The case was a fascinating one, and my favorite bit was the statement made by the assistant staff-superintendent of Qantas that air hostesses were particularly effective in overcoming boredom among passengers, and that they had instructions to engage bored passengers in conversation.

Years ago, when long-distance passenger flights were still a novelty, I remember being much shocked by a female celebrity who, asked by eager reporters how she felt about flying from England, replied that it was "too utterly boring."

Since then I've learned that it is possible to be bored when flying, but never realised, in spite of being pilled with magazines, barley sugar, and food, that the companies took this aspect of air travel so much to heart.

Whether females or males are better at dispelling boredom is a debatable question. It depends.

However, when Mr. Chifley reached England for the Prime Ministers' Conference reporters asked him what he did on the plane, and he answered: "I meditated, my friend."

That's an interesting point. How do you know whether a passenger is bored or meditating?

MAY is a month which has received a lot of publicity about its merriness and desirability for Maying, whatever that may be.

(And rather peculiar it sounds now that it comes to mind. Except that when "O That We Two Were Maying" was written, drawing-room songs were very refined). But Maytime, though it must be awfully jolly in England, old thing.

Doesn't strike me as a subject particularly suitable about which to sing.

In fact, the more I reflect on the power position in Sydney, and that quaint old anachronism the radiator,

I would just as soon any month a bit earlier or a whole lot later.

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Parker
"51"

Here is the world's most coveted pen—the incomparable Parker "51".

Its unique tubular nib of 14-ct. gold has a micro-polished point of wear-resistant alloy, which is jewel-smooth. The precision-fit lustraloy cap which never loses its satin finish slips on securely without twisting. Hidden within the barrel is a patented self-filler.

For best results use QUINK or any other Parker ink in your "51".

* Actually 83 surveys in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen.

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Notice how the nib (A) is hooded against dirt and damage—only the point shows. When the pen is correctly filled, the ingenious ink-trap (B) prevents flooding and leakage.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE...

when your wash has that

PERSIL
DAZZLE!



Persil's oxygen-charged suds shift even deep-down dirt, not some of it—not most of it—but ALL of it. That's why a Persil wash is the cleanest wash of all... whites dazzling white... colours dazzling bright.

IT'S PERSIL'S OXYGEN THAT PUTS THE DAZZLE IN ALL YOUR WASH

P. 401 HELVETIA

Page 25



PLAYTIME for Prince Charles, and here comes his favorite toy, a bunny rabbit of washable fur, with long ears, just perfect for a baby to pull at and chew.



KISS FOR BUNNY, as Prince Charles hugs him hard. Like any other baby of his age, the little Prince is at the dribbling stage, and his salutes are rather damp.

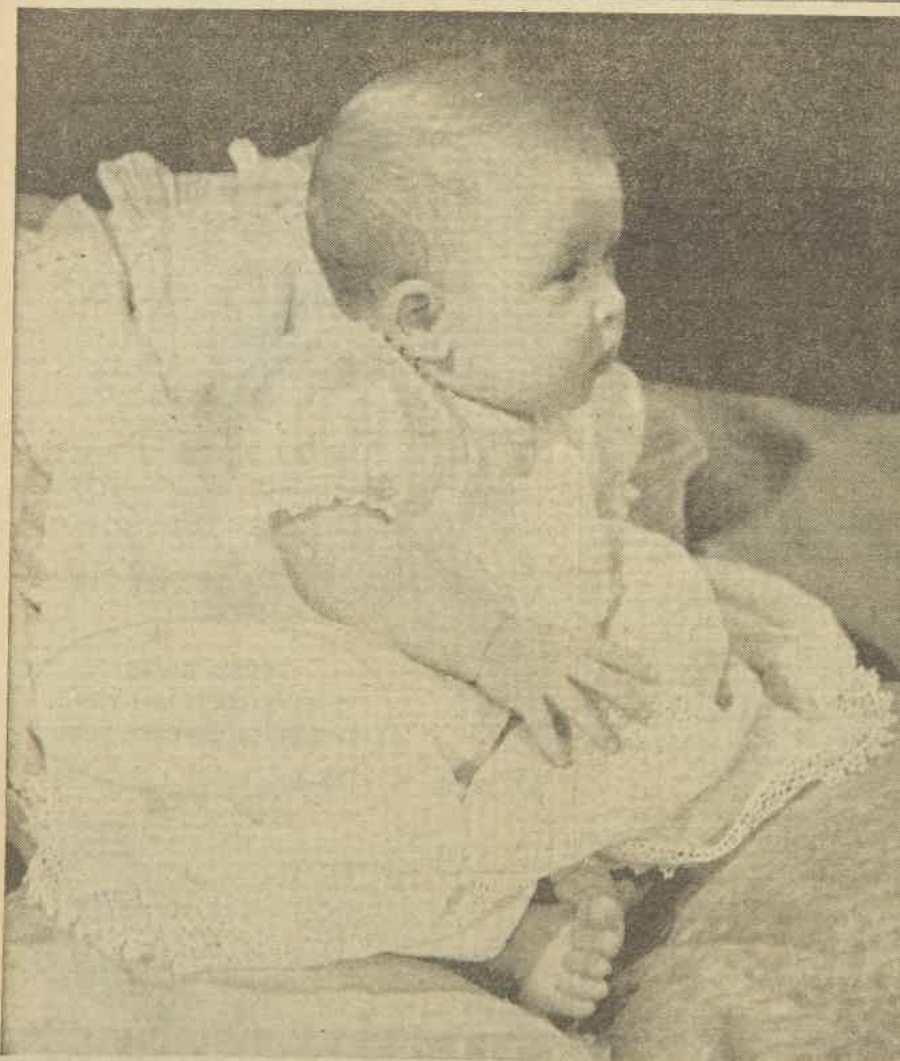


PEEP BO. A young man must hide from his public sometimes, and from the camera, too. So Prince Charles buries his face in the rabbit's fur.



WOEBEGONE FACE, time is nearly over. A minute he'll cry. So

H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES PHILIP ARTHUR GEORGE



"WHO'S THAT coming over to pick me up?" Prince Charles likes being nursed and cuddled, and accepts it favorably when his mother or father can forget Royal duties and play with him.

WEARING a fine Irish linen and Irish crocheted lace frock that was once worn by his mother, Princess Elizabeth, Prince Charles was recently photographed by Baron, the well-known society photographer and close personal friend of the Duke of Edinburgh.

By **ANNE MATHESON**
of our London staff

The photographs, which are reproduced here, were taken in the young parents' private sitting-room at Buckingham Palace.

Baron told me Prince Charles is the loveliest and most serene baby he has ever



CLINGING to his mother's finger, Prince Charles shows he has a strong grip. Princess Elizabeth poses in an attractive grey frock.

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 7, 1949

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ACE Prince Charles sees that play-
er, his lip droops ominously, in a
to leave bunny with him.

GEORGE

son. "A splendid subject for
the camera," he said.

"He loved every moment of
the sitting, which took nearly
an hour, as we had to have
games and sunshine-and-tear
sessions in between the shots."

Prince Charles was nineteen
weeks old when Baron took
the photographs.

"He is a sturdy, lovely baby
with his mother's unruffled
charm and his father's quick
smile," he said.

"He has winsome appeal,
and a thoroughly robust con-
stitution—and can he let out
a baby yell!" Baron said.

Baron took along a decora-
tive Georgian silver rattle for
the baby Prince to play with
in the pictures.

It was the Royal photog-
rapher's christening present
to the baby.

But the Prince would have
none of the valuable antique.

"He has a strong will and a
word of his own, and frowned
and stretched out till he got
his favorite rabbit," Baron
said.

The rabbit in the pictures is
a six-and-elevenpenny toy
rabbit included by the Nur-
se Nurses' Association in the
gift they presented to
Princess Elizabeth.

All the valuable and ex-
pensive toys heaped on the
baby Prince this is the one he
loves and cuddles and it is
always tucked up with him at
night in his cot.

Already the rabbit has a
crowded-up ear, but luckily it
is made of washable fur, and
is washed almost as often as
the baby Prince himself.

Each time at Buckingham
Palace is the golden hour of
the day.

Princess Elizabeth always
holds her baby herself, except



PRINCESS ELIZABETH smiles down proudly at her son's round head,
where soft fair hair is growing thickly. The baby looks his best in a
fine Irish linen frock that his mother wore when she was his age.

when official engagements
take her away.

The Duke of Edinburgh
loves to take his intimate
friends home to see the baby
bathed.

Lord Milford Haven, his
cousin, who recently returned
from America, said: "It's a
happy, intimate family hour
at Buckingham Palace when
my cousins invite us round to
see Prince Charles bathed."

"He's a very sturdy young-
ster with a tremendous pair
of lungs. Luckily, he doesn't
yell much."

Princess Elizabeth and the
Duke of Edinburgh have no
new-fangled ideas of keeping

their baby son in virtual iso-
lation in the nursery.

Queen Mary and her ladies-
in-waiting and friends, the
King and Queen and their
friends, and hosts of young
friends of the parents are
constant and very welcome
visitors to the Edinburgh
apartments at the Palace,
where a baby son breaks down
all the formality of Court life.

Interest in him, however,
extends far beyond Court
circles.

As the King said in his
Christmas broadcast: "Before
he was a week old he had be-
come the friend of half the
world."



BLUE EYES look grave as the Prince is propped up
against a frilly pillow which supports his head and
back. No, she won't go away, there's no need to worry.



FATHER AND SON are photographed together. These pictures were taken by
Baron when Charles was 19 weeks old. He was born on November 14 last year.

De LISO



what is it

that fashion approves

and the manly ego

simply can't resist?

... buttons,
of course!



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by
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From leading stores. For name of the one nearest you, write to
Australian Footwear Distributors, 81 York Street, Sydney. DL27.16

HIS FRIENDS

all thought that Wilfred Hyde

should try to get a new inside—



"The one he has," they pointed out,
"Is nothing to write home about—
It's nearly always going wrong—
And cannot last him very long—
Will can't enjoy the simplest meals
For dreading of the way he feels."

But one friend, nobler than the rest,
Said, "Will, your stomach don't digest
In quite the easy way it ought to!
See these Rennies which I've brought you?
You suck 'em, slowly, after eats,
One after t'other, just like sweets!
Their five-fold action will suffice
To keep your stomach feeling nice.
They're wrapped so keep some always on you,
And pain will cease to come upon you!"

And after that Will never knew
The agonies he used to do.

End stomach upsets with two Digestif Rennies, sucked slowly, one after the other. Rennies' five-fold formula quickly, but gently, neutralises excess acid—restores normal digestion. If Rennies fail to give you speedy relief, you should see your doctor. From any chemist—separately wrapped, convenient to carry. 1/- a packet or four times the quantity for 3/6.

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Page 28

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 5

SUDDENLY Luerson turned and caught sight of Susan. His face was red with anger, and he gestured towards Carter Stone.

"He says he didn't take the emeralds," he cried. "He says he's been right here in the dining-room all the time. And he says they were never kept in the small safe. They were always in the big one. Now then, who's lying? You or he? Somebody is, and I demand the truth. And the emeralds!"

Carter Stone's eyes slid towards Susan. She said, "I told you exactly what I overheard. Where is Lieutenant Murphy?"

Luerson spluttered. "Upstairs. They are questioning Mrs. Shepley."

She said, "Then where is the servant? John Leo?"

Again she was aware of a fixed, unpleasant quality in Carter Stone's sidelong gaze.

Luerson, still angry, said, "I don't know. I don't care. All I want is my property. I demand those emeralds!"

He turned back towards Carter Stone, whose sidelong gaze immediately shifted from Susan to Luerson.

Susan walked quietly into the dining-room. She looked all round. It was a bare room, almost severely unornamented. There were no vases, no silver, no candelabra. A bowl of fruit stood on the long sideboard, and there was a serving table. Nothing else.

Susan went to the sideboard and began to make a search.

Three minutes later, feeling very queer about what she had discovered, she emerged from the dining-room. The sight of Carter Stone and Jane together, an air of suspended conversation about them, did not improve Susan's state of mind. They looked at her and did not speak, but she was sure their eyes followed her out of sight.

Susan went upstairs. There was no policeman in the front hall. There was no policeman visible anywhere. Where was Steven?

Well, the thing to do was find Lieutenant Murphy, who was questioning Camilla somewhere. She felt decidedly happier once she was beyond range of the concerted gaze of the two standing in the hall below.

She found herself in a long, narrow, badly lighted hall with bedroom doors opening all along one side of it. No one was in the hall. But the door nearest the head of the stairway was a little ajar, letting out a stream of light and the jumbled sound of voices.

Susan hesitated. Prudence bade her go to Lieutenant Murphy at once. Something else drew her very quietly along the hall. Just here ought to be the room directly above the dining-room.

As she closed the door cautiously behind her, she smelled the heavy scent of pubescence. Hearing no sound in the thick, hot darkness about her, she sought and found an electric light switch and turned on lights.

It was a woman's bedroom. Jane's obviously, for only Jane could have chosen the peculiarly ugly, brick-colored dressing-gown that lay across the end of the bed.

Susan looked about a little uncertainly, caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror over the dressing-table and went towards it.

Then, as she looked down at the dressing-table, she experienced a small shock of surprise. It was extraordinarily complete. So complete, in fact, in its array of bottles and boxes and jars it might have been the dressing-table of a professional beauty.

But it was Camilla who wore a too-elaborate make-up. Camilla who reeked of perfume, Camilla whose blond curls were carefully arranged. Not Jane.

Just then, quite suddenly, Susan remembered two things.

She stood there frowning, struck by that memory. Then she turned and hurried out of the room. She must see John Leo. His attempt to sell information to herself, and then to Jane, had cast doubt on the quality of the information. Yet there was always the chance that he was telling the truth.

The hall was still deserted, shadowy and dim along its narrow

length. She must see John, she must see Lieutenant Murphy, she must find Steven. But first she ought to make sure of her ground in another respect.

She hesitated and opened the door next to that leading to Jane's room. Again she waited and listened in the stuffy hot blackness before she turned on a light.

This time she had guessed right. It was Albert Shepley's room. A picture of Camilla smiled coyly at her from the top of the old-fashioned massive chest of drawers across the room.

There was a door, slightly ajar, leading to a bathroom, and a second door on the other side of it, leading almost certainly to Camilla's room. Along the wall, opposite the bathroom, was the large square door she had expected to find, opening upon the dumb-waiter shaft.

That was clear, then. But there was no possible proof of murder. Unless John Leo knew.

Susan was a little frightened. She wished Steven had not so mysteriously and completely vanished.

The house was hot, and, in that room, she seemed far removed from everyone else, isolated in the quiet of that bedroom where Albert Shepley would never sleep again. She stared down at the enormous, thick reading glass on his bed table.

Suddenly she was aware of another brick in the edifice she had so unexpectedly built of fact and conjecture. A brick? A veritable cornerstone, for without it none of that elaborate plot could have been undertaken.

But it was still not proof. She wished she knew who Mason was.

Going over to the dumb-waiter shaft door, she opened it, leaned into the shaft and found again rough steps securely nailed to the studding.

After a moment she sat down on the edge of the opening and swung her feet inside the shaft. Then very cautiously, clinging to the step nearest her, she lowered herself experimentally into the shaft. The steps made a firm and secure ladder, easy to negotiate.

It was a black, hot tunnel. But it made the whole house very easy of access.

Susan clung there for a moment. She had never been athletic, and she was rather anxiously arranging in her mind whether to emerge feet first or head first and wishing her passion for exactness had not carried her so far, when she heard someone enter the bedroom.

It gave her a very unpleasant moment. The door of the dumb-waiter had swung inward of its own weight so it was half-closed, and she was not immediately visible to whoever entered the room any more than whoever entered it was visible to her.

Footsteps crossed the room towards the bathroom. They would probably return. If she did not choose to be caught in her somewhat equivocal position, there was only one thing to do.

She groped into Stygian blackness below her, found another step, cautiously lowered herself, and then repeated the process very carefully.

Then suddenly light spread itself in a bright square against lathed and dusty walls as someone opened the door above.

Susan crouched back against the wall of the dumb-waiter shaft, hardly daring to breathe, feeling horribly like a rat in a trap.

Then, as she waited breathlessly, someone spoke in a whisper that drifted down the shaft, clear and rather eerie. "She's not here!"

Then the door closed with a click, and complete darkness surrounded her.

Susan took a long and rather unsteady breath. If the emeralds were at the root of the murder of Albert Shepley, then there was every possibility that the murderer was there in the room above.

She took another long breath. Reminding herself that Camilla had made that descent, she let herself downward another step.

Please turn to page 29



EVEREADY
in the children's
room.



EVEREADY
for going to
the bathroom
without waking
the family.



EVEREADY
for getting
a drink in the
middle of the night.

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Light—Longer
Life, always
ask for



EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT
BATTERIES

IT was very hot and stuffy. Once Susan nearly missed her footing, and caught herself just in time. But presently the door by which she had entered the shaft was some distance above her. She must be almost opposite the dining-room. She decided to make her exit by that door.

The Burmese servant, John Leo, would, by this time, have returned to the kitchen.

All at once the door above her opened again, letting a flood of light upon the walls of the shaft. Black against the light a figure loomed, a woman peering downwards into the shaft. It was Camilla.

"The police have gone," she said in a thread of a voice that drifted down to Susan. "I didn't tell them anything about the emeralds."

There was an abrupt silence. The rigidity of that silhouetted head, with its halo of curls and plump shoulders, suggested that Camilla was listening intently, peering into the shaft. Susan shrank back against the wall.

"Carter?" said Camilla. "Sweetheart?"

Again Camilla listened, while Susan held her breath and clung to the rough steps. She cursed the impulse that had lured her into such an extraordinarily unpleasant position. It was fantastic, really. Why hadn't she taken Steven's warning to heart?

Camilla said again, more clearly: "Carter?" Then abruptly her head and the patch of light vanished and the door clicked.

Susan breathed again. She went on down to the next step and reached the door to the dining-room. A thin thread of light outlined the big square panel.

She fumbled at the door, hunting for the latch. Naturally there was none on the inside of the door. She realised suddenly that it was futile to search.

A fine detective, she was! Twice already that night she had blundered. Twice. If she counted her dinner with Albert Shepley. Certainly it fell into the category of a Class A, top-ranking Fatal Mistake.

Standing there precariously perched on one step, clinging to another with her hands, she considered going on down to the kitchen. John might be there. If the dumb-waiter door there was also latched securely on the kitchen side, he would let her out. But perhaps it wasn't latched.

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 28

She put out one hand again and something brushed it lightly. A cobweb? Spider? The thought was unbearable to her.

Susan cast all prudence to the winds and pounded on the door.

There was a silence in the room beyond. She pounded again. Then a man's voice spoke loudly and clearly in a startled way.

"What's that? Is anyone there?" There was another silence, as if someone was listening.

"It's in the wall," a voice said. Another voice answered, "Rats." The first voice said very crisply, "It's not rats."

Quick, decisive footsteps approached the door.

The voice continued, "There's only one thing it's likely to be."

The door was flung open, light streamed upon her, and Steven stood there looking at her.

"Susan!" he gasped.

Lieutenant Murphy was pressing close to look over Steven's shoulder. There was another detective in plain clothes, also stretching his neck to stare, and a policeman or two, and a short fat man in grey whose pink face and bald head were faintly familiar.

"Miss Dare!" Lieutenant Murphy ejaculated. "What are you doing there?"

Steven, looking dangerously swollen from suppressed and conflicting emotion, put out his hands and lifted Susan out of the shaft.

It was not only ignominious, it was remarkably public. There were papers on the table and a general air of an interrupted conference. Susan's eyes met those of the fat man in grey, who bowed politely.

"How do you do, Miss Dare?" the fat man said.

Susan recognised him then. He lived in her own apartment building on the floor just below her. His name was Elwell, and his cook and Huldah often exchanged gossip over the stair railings.

What was he doing here?

He was smiling at her quite pleasantly.

"Did they summon you, too, for questioning, Miss Dare? But I'm afraid it was my apartment. There's

not much doubt of it." He sighed unhappily. "I've been worried ever since I missed the opium."

"You missed the opium," Susan repeated a little numbly.

"Yes, of course. But as time went on and it didn't turn up anywhere, I convinced myself that I'd thrown it out accidentally. I really didn't connect it with the man. The whole apartment smelled of gardenias when I returned. Of course, I'm referring to the man who sub-leased my apartment that month last year when I was on my vacation."

"What man?" Susan asked.

"That Adair fellow."

"Oh!" A light broke upon Susan.

times, "You see, I'm a research chemist. I have a small laboratory at home. The north bedroom you know, Miss Dare. Our apartments are identical in arrangement."

He glanced at Lieutenant Murphy and continued: "I had some opium. It was labelled and in tablet form. I meant to lock up the bedroom when I went away. Apparently I forgot, because when I returned the tenant was gone and the bedroom door was unlocked. Upon checking over my supplies, I missed the opium."

"It worried me for a while. But as I remembered it there were only two tablets of the stuff left. As time went on and nothing happened I concluded I had thrown it out accidentally and almost had forgotten about it until"—his eyes went to Steven—to-night. This is really dreadful. I suppose I'm criminally responsible. But regrets can't help the situation as it is now."

Two pills. One has been used. And John Leo had talked of evidence in his possession. In his room, he'd said, while his hand slid to his pocket. At this moment Susan saw the paper on the table. Her own yellow notepaper, covered with her own writing, the whole of it torn across, then pieced together.

"It's the telegram," Steven told her.

"But I threw it away! Where did you get it?"

"Huldah kept it," he explained. "When I told her what had happened, she remembered it. She says she keeps all written scraps of paper that you leave about the house."

He added suavely, "She says that if she didn't you would never have any ideas for stories. She never throws away notes you make or any newspaper clippings. She also put me on to the fact that Elwell, here, sub-leased his apartment one time. Thus I didn't have to interview some thirty-five or forty previous and present tenants."

"Oh," Susan murmured. Call herself a detective, did she! "What does the message read?" she demanded, rallying, and went to look at it.

Steven frowned slightly. "It doesn't help much. In fact—well, read it yourself."



SUSAN was already reading the paper, puzzling a little over her own scribbled words written more than a year ago. She read it twice.

"Buyer and Bert arrive air Tuesday if weather good advise remove green immediately as planned look out include recent purchase do not take any further steps without consulting me strongly advise this sweetheart."

Remove green! To Shepley it had meant emeralds.

Susan thought back again, remembering what John Leo had said. Suppose bits of a letter which John had given to Shepley to read had, as John said, induced Shepley to suspect his wife and Carter Stone—only suspect. He had discovered nothing he could take to the police. It would have been a nebulous, scarcely formed suspicion, so he only watched and perhaps asked questions. Adroitly, carefully, he had asked them, so John Leo did not know his true reason, and Camilla and Carter Stone did not understand. Then suppose the parts of the telegram she, Susan, had used in her story had struck Shepley all at once like an illumination.

Buyer and Bert and the phrase arrive air Tuesday had seemed to fit himself and his own affairs. And green suggested the emeralds. And thus it had shifted the basis of his suspicions.

It wasn't Carter Stone and his wife he need worry about, but the emeralds! He would put them in the small safe to guard them better. He would see Susan and demand any information she had. When he had seen her he had reached a decision.

"I'll take them to a jeweller," he had said.

The prospect of telling the police of the hypothesis she had built up was, however, like a dash of cold water in Susan's face.

She asked: "Who sent the telegram?"

"Well, we don't know," Steven admitted. "But certainly this fellow by the name of Adair must have expected to receive it. But it was bad flying weather and they couldn't come by air."

"And Luerson cancelled his trip altogether," Susan said. "He told me so." She looked at Elwell, thoughtfully.

Lieutenant Murphy said: "If you could let us know more about this tenant, Mr. Elwell, it ought to be a fairly simple matter to identify him."

Please turn to page 30



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"I've found active lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap really make skin lovelier"

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FACTS ABOUT LAUREN BACALL:

Hair: Tawny blonde
Eyes: Blue-Green
Complexion: Suntan
Hobbies: Singing and Reading
Birthday: September 16
Beauty care: Pure white Lux Toilet Soap



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TEENA

By HILDA TERRY
Stormy Weather



Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 29

ALMOST frenziedly, Mr. Edwell rubbed his hands over his glistening bald head. "But I tell you I know nothing about the tenant. I don't even have the correspondence about it. I never keep correspondence."

"How about the renting agent?" Lieutenant Murphy inquired. "I can give you his name," Edwell said. "It's Campbell. He might have correspondence on it."

Lieutenant Murphy glanced at a policeman and jerked his head towards the hall, and the policeman vanished.

Susan hesitated. Up to then her slight contributions had not been received with marked favor on Murphy's part.

"John Leo claims he has evidence," she said. "He wants to sell it."

Murphy frowned. "The Burmese servant? He admitted threatening sharply. 'I'm waiting to hear your drunk and didn't mean it. But what do you mean about him, Miss Dare? And why were you in the dumb-waiter shaft?'"

But if what she thought she knew was true, then Albert Shepley's murder had been planned more than a year ago.

"Well?" Lieutenant Murphy said sharply. "I'm waiting to hear your explanation."

"Oh!" Susan was startled. She was remembering. "Why, it's the emeralds. I found them."

She produced a little chamalo bag and laid it on the table.

"There they are," she said in a

small voice, thinking of the thing she thought she knew, but could not prove.

Lieutenant Murphy seized the chamalo bag, untied the string with his big fingers, and spilled the green stones on to the bare, polished table top. There they lay, all about the same size, reflecting green lights.

No one spoke. No one, indeed, appeared to breathe. But gradually Susan became the somewhat uneasy focus of every pair of eyes in the room.

"Where did you get these?" Lieutenant Murphy asked her heavily. Steven was suddenly at Lieutenant Murphy's side.

"Let her explain," he said. "It's nothing to her, you know."

"Well?" the lieutenant said, breathing deeply.

"But it really doesn't matter," Susan said. "He, Carter Stone, I mean, was here in the dining-room. He hid the stones over there."

She nodded towards the sideboard. "In the fruit bowl. Inside, to be exact—she swallowed hard, perceiving a certain scepticism in the lieutenant's regard—"in a banana!"

Steven said hurriedly. "I'll look. Wait, Murphy. I'll find it."

She stared at the glittering green stones. Steven came back with the remnants of a banana, dark now and limp looking at one end.

"He ate it, I expect, and then hid the bag inside the skin," Susan said absently. "It was at the bottom of

the dish, hidden by a cluster of grapes." She turned to the door, and the lieutenant made a startled and suspicious gesture.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"Find Mr. Luerson," she said. "to ask him if the emeralds are real."

"Call Luerson," Lieutenant Murphy said abruptly to another policeman, who hurried away.

Almost at once the policeman was back again with Luerson, who took one look at the emeralds, then snatched them up in his hand.

Everyone watched in silence while he dug into an inner pocket and extracted a small jeweller's glass. Then, wedging it into one eye, he began to examine the bits of shining green, one at a time.

Susan edged quietly toward the door. She was fairly sure of the outcome. There was only one answer to the way Albert Shepley's fingers had fumbled over those pills.

She had reached the door when Luerson, his face a mask of rage, flung down the jewels.

"There's not a genuine stone in the lot!" he shouted.

Susan heard no more. She was quietly leaving the room.

No one was in the hall. She turned quickly and ran along the passage towards the kitchen stairs. She saw no one anywhere. She hurried down the steps and along the kitchen passage. The kitchen door was a little ajar.

Please turn to page 31

Miss Dare in Danger Continued from page 30

IN the doorway Susan stepped. The light was still on. There was an expanse of tiled floor. There was the shining, grey gas stove. There was the cupboard against which John had leaned and fumbled at the drawer. The drawer was open.

Susan saw that. Then she saw something very odd.

Odd because it lay on the floor, barely projecting from beyond the edge of the door. It was a hand—a small, yellow hand. A man's hand.

Susan's heart turned over. She must have pushed the door open wider. For now she could see the whole kitchen.

John Leo was lying face downward on the floor, his head almost under the table.

There was a knife in his back, its long handle projecting upward and a patch of deep crimson saturated his white coat.

It was too late now to question him and get at the truth.

Rats in the wall, he had said. But it hadn't been that. It had been someone listening. Someone in the dumb-waiter shaft. Someone who knew then that John Leo had to be silenced for ever!

There was a terrible simplicity about it. There were no signs of a struggle, no signs of a trap.

But something was wrong in that orderly kitchen. A pencil and a pad of paper lay on the kitchen table.

The pencil had rolled to the edge. The pad of paper, the kind of tablet one uses for grocery lists, was white and blank. Blank yet—

Susan bent to look closely. There were fairly clear, sharp indentations on the top sheet. As if a written sheet had been removed but the pencil pressure had gone through to the sheet below. She tore it off.

But he had had evidence, he'd said. In his room. And his hand had moved towards his pocket.

Well, she couldn't search his pockets. It just wasn't possible. Anyway, the murderer certainly would have done that.

Probably he'd been leaning over the table, writing, hearing footsteps, perhaps. Her hand went out tentatively to the shallow drawer of the table. She pulled it open.

There were odds and ends of entries in there. An envelope. A large, pink velvet powder-puff. And exactly then she heard the soft and indescribably stealthy shuffle of footsteps moving along the narrow passage leading to the kitchen.

The footsteps had not come down the stairway. She was aware of that. Very briefly something in the back of her mind questioned it. Was

John's room in the basement, too? At the end of the passage? She remembered its continuation past the stairway.

She snatched the envelope and the powder-puff, and, for the second time that night, crawled into the dumb-waiter.

She held her breath, wondering if she had made a betraying sound. There must have been a rustle of her movement, a faint creaking of ropes as her weight came upon them.

She listened, wishing her heart would stop thudding so loudly. Then abruptly she realised that the footsteps had come into the kitchen and were walking about softly but purposefully, as if someone were making a quiet and thorough search of the whole place. Unperturbed by that thing that lay sprawled so horribly on the floor.

Then whoever had come into the kitchen knew the body was there! And was searching for—Susan's fingers gripped her loot. A sheet of paper. An envelope. A pink powder-puff.

John Leo had known something which he intended to use as a club. Something which would bring him enough money, probably, to live in luxury for the rest of his life. So he hadn't told the police.

The footsteps passed close to the dumb-waiter and Susan's heart almost stopped. They paused—and then padded softly away again.

The powder-puff! She explored it quietly and found a queer, small lump like a bead. Like a bead or the second opium tablet. So that was part of John's evidence.

There was a footprint and then another, and it seemed to Susan that both slight sounds came from the other side of the room.

Then there was another sound. The brush of clothing against the table, perhaps; the dull sound of a heel upon the floor? But this time it was nearer—so near that involuntarily she closed her eyes.

She tried not even to think lest her thoughts reach out impalpable fingers and clutch at the consciousness of whoever it was who stood there in the kitchen so near—so very near that small panel!

Just then she became aware of a light, steady pull against her knee. Her eyes opened. Abruptly, she noticed that a fold of her skirt was caught in the door. Caught so tightly she could not release it without opening the door.

At the same time she felt, like

a heavy hand, an abrupt cessation of all motion outside that small door. The silence was complete, and had a curious quality of tenseness.

Whoever stood there, then, had seen that small wisp of skirt below the door.

Susan's heart seemed to stop for a moment. Every nerve in her body strained to hear.

Then, quite suddenly, there were footsteps again. But this time rapid, light footsteps, tiptoeing swiftly across the kitchen. There was a click and the thin line of light vanished.

In the hot blackness the footsteps returned, swiftly and purposefully, tiptoeing in a little, stealthy rush.

Susan tried to scream and could not, and tried again desperately. Only a thin, gasping cry came from her throat.

She never discovered what she would have done. For all at once, breaking into that horrible stillness, there were other sounds.

Someone was running swiftly with sharp, loud footsteps through the passage. Someone was yelling words that were indistinguishable, because of other footsteps and a confusing clatter as if the table had been overturned. There was a scrambling sound, followed by a heavy thud.

A man's voice shouted, "Get him, Murphy! Help!"

SUSAN'S heart was pounding. She pushed open the door, and there was only confusion in the darkness and footsteps running lightly along the passage, stopping altogether.

Close by, somebody was breathing heavily and getting to his feet and muttering sulphurically about lights and a so-and-so table.

Susan said quite clearly into the darkness, "By the door—there's a switch."

The muttering stopped and there was a silence. Then limping footsteps crossed the kitchen and the light came on.

The table lay on its side, and the stool near it had been overturned, too. Steven stood there, his face white and rigid, looking at John Leo "Steven!" Her voice wavered.

She held out the powder-puff.

"Take this," she said in a faraway voice. The lights were too bright, the kitchen too hot—and then she knew that Steven had sprung towards her and was extracting her from the stifling hot dumb-waiter as you would extract a doll.

Please turn to page 32



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See Page 46 for National Health Council
DISEASED RESTAURANT WORKERS MAKE AND SERVE OUR MEALS

magazine DIGEST



Thirty-Seven Headline Features (Under Page 3)

- ★ Five Million Ex-Convicts Want Jobs—Or Else! Page 29
- ★ Peace of Mind and Soul, by Joshua Liebman
(Last Words of This Great Humanitarian) Page 4
- ★ Is Stalin's Next Objective Japan? Page 36
- ★ Sex in Bible Colleges Page 60
- ★ How I Beat the Races, by Rex King Page 89
- ★ Ida's Life With Eddie Cantor Page 19
- ★ Why 4 out of 5 American Women are Starving Page 13
- ★ Don't Smother Your Baby Page 46
- ★ Why I Don't Go to Church



T. 1835

GET YOUR MAY COPY TO-DAY!

UP WHERE THE COLD WIND BLOWS!



Make no mistake about it. On a bleak, wintry day, the top of a tall building is no place for warmth and comfort. But you'll always find a cheery smile on the faces of Harry Stevens and Bob Richardson no matter how cold it gets.
Speaking for both of them, Harry said, "Cold? Yes, it gets cold up here alright, but Bonox fixes that. When the cold gets too raw we swap the paint tins for strong, piping hot Bonox—it warms you all the way through."
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KR928

LIEUTENANT

MURPHY looked at Susan. "John Leo?" he asked.

"Yes. He must have hidden them when he heard someone coming. They were in the drawer of the table."

"Later," said Murphy. The mask of blandness had gone from his face.

He crossed the room and put his heavy hand on a shoulder.

"Jane Michaels," he said loudly. "I arrest you for the murder of Albert Shepley and John Leo."

A high, frightened voice broke shrilly into Murphy's words. It was Carter Stone's voice.

"I had nothing to do with it!" he cried frantically, almost incoherently. "Only Jane was to blame. I didn't know she was going to murder him. She didn't tell me. It was she that let John get hold of that letter to me. Her carelessness in not seeing it was burned caused everything. She said she'd fix things! She didn't say murder!"

"Go right ahead," Murphy said. "Talk all you want to."

Broad, blue backs mercifully shut out Susan's vision. Voices and movement blurred together indistinguishably. She sat quite still until Steven came to her and pulled her up out of the chair.

"Murphy says it's all right. Tomorrow's another day. We can go now." He hustled her towards the door and out to his car.

Dark, thick night, still hot and quiet, surrounded them as Steven pulled slowly away from the curb. She glanced at him a little uneasily. His profile was very stern. She sighed.

"Well, all right," Steven said irritably. "Talk if you have to. How did you know it was Jane?"

Susan tried to arrange her somewhat scattered thoughts.

"It began, I think, about two years ago," she said.

"When I, Luerson, commissioned Shepley to buy the emeralds?"

"Yes. And when Shepley's eyesight got so much worse. He was all but blind, you know. That's why he felt the pills with his fingers instead of just glancing at them. That was why she was able to substitute the wrong pill and why the chances were all in favor of his taking it without realising it was wrong until he had swallowed it and it was too late."

She sighed. "I ought to have guessed when I saw him finger those remaining pills. Then I heard he was a jewel expert, and that Carter Stone was supposed to know jewels."

Rather bitterly, she continued: "And Stone did know them. But it didn't really come clear to me until I saw the thick, powerful reading-glass at Shepley's bed table. Judging jewels was his means of livelihood, so he had to keep his growing blindness a secret. That's probably why he sold his business, yet retained Carter Stone actually as eyes for him when it came to jewels. Jane did his letters and read to him."

"You mean," Steven put in slowly, "Carter Stone okayed stones that were not real emeralds and put the purchase money in his own pocket? Then those were the stones he had to get into his own possession by persuading Camilla to take them from the small safe?"

Susan nodded. "Yes. He said it was Jane's scheme. Perhaps it was. He went with Shepley on his buying trips. When he examined a stone, he would tell Shepley it was good and Shepley would pay for it. Carter Stone knew that the instant it was discovered the stones were false he would be blamed."

"Only he, Shepley, Jane, and Camilla had access to the big safe. But only Camilla and Shepley himself had access to the small safe. So Carter had to get the stones after Shepley was murdered."

"I follow," Steven said. "Go on."

Jane didn't let Carter know what she planned to do, when she realised that Shepley's suspicions were roused. She knew Carter would stick at murder. But she also knew that the only way she could get what she wanted was to murder Shepley. Through her own blunder and John Leo's help, Shepley got hold of a letter she thought she had burned. It warned Shepley of trouble. She frowned.

He thought it referred to Camilla and Carter Stone. Probably the few words that were legible were ambiguous in meaning. He didn't

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 31

even think of the emeralds until Jane read my story to him. Then he moved the emeralds to the small safe, and Jane knew she had to act. Luerson's coming made that more urgent. I believe their plan all along had been to arrange a pretended theft."

"But look here!" Steven threaded his way around a milk truck. "A scheme like that requires the agreement of a third person. The person selling the stones."

"Yes, of course," Susan said. "Mason."

Steven started. "Do you know that?" he inquired. "Or is it a guess?"

"Mason was the dealer who sold the paste jewels," Susan said.

She went on: "Things went along all right with Jane and Carter Stone's conspiracy for some time. Then came a buying trip, a year ago in April. Jane took her vacation; Camilla went to French Lick; John cleaned house."

"Luerson decided to accompany Carter Stone and Shepley home and take a look at the jewels. So Carter wired Jane, but the wire came to me instead. They would have been caught then and there if the weather hadn't turned foggy. Air travel was suspended and Luerson had to cancel his plans for a trip."

"Go on," Steven said.

"They must have wondered what happened to the telegram. Later they made several other big purchases—big hauls, really. To avoid

Our sparkling new serial

FIRST instalment will appear next week of "The Great Question," our new serial, by L. A. R. Wylie.

A lively and appealing up-to-the-moment story, it tells of the exciting turn that comes into the humdrum life of Temperance Fare when chance and an angry young man precipitate her into contesting a big radio quiz competition.

Don't miss the opening instalment in next week's issue.

as Shepley died that the fake emeralds would be found."

"She had to take that chance. She didn't dare tell Carter what she intended to do. She knew his first thought, when he heard Shepley was dead, would be to get hold of the fake emeralds. So she had to be sure Shepley was dead, because if he returned and found the gems were gone, the fat would have been in the fire."

"Yes, once Shepley was suspicious about the emeralds, they had to murder him," Steven said.

"Rather, Jane had to," Susan corrected him. "To save Carter, she thought, and herself. He wanted money. She wanted him. She hoped to bring him money and, incidentally, feather her nest. When things went wrong, she tried to save herself, Carter, and the money."

"Where did John Leo get the opium pill?" Steven asked. "What was written on the piece of paper?"

"My guess is that John Leo had known for some time that the opium pills were hidden in the powder-puff in Jane's room, and where the powder-puff was concealed. Because after John's brief interview with the police, there was only time for him to rush to her room, take the powder-puff, and hurry back to the kitchen."

"Jane herself had told him Shepley was killed by opium poisoning. So he realised that the second pill would be proof of Jane's guilt, which he could turn to his own profit."

"Susan, what made you think it was Jane in the first place?"

"Because when I heard Camilla talking to Carter she sounded completely artificial, hinting at some sacrifice she'd made for Carter. He thought she meant murder, and was startled, but I guessed she was just dramatising. So it wasn't Camilla, and it wasn't Carter, or Luerson, or Mason, so it had to be Jane."

Susan shivered again. "Steven, she was in the kitchen when you came in. Wasn't there any way you could identify her?"

Steven shook his head. "No. The kitchen was dark. I heard somebody fumbling around and gave chase. A table nearly broke my shin. Whoever it was simply vanished. I shouted to the fellows upstairs, turned on the light, and there was John. And you. In the dumb-waiter."

They turned a corner. In weary silence they drew up outside a large apartment building. Susan looked upward. On the ninth floor a thick form in a modest grey dressing-gown was leaning from the window of her apartment. The first rays of the rising sun glinted on the rims of Huldah's thick eyeglasses.

Susan waved. Steven got out of the car.

"I deserve a moment of appreciation," he said austerely.

He took Susan not at all austerely in his arms and kissed her soundly. Later in the day he telephoned.

"I've been talking to Murphy," he said. "The burned letter was from Mason. They arrested him in New York and compared handwriting. And Carter Stone has made a full confession. Mason wrote to Carter, demanding a bigger cut. Carter gave the letter to Jane and she burned it, or thought she did. John Leo found the scraps and took them to Shepley. And the paper you found in the kitchen was a blackmail letter."

"It gave Murphy plenty of stuff for an arrest, which was a good move, for then Carter Stone couldn't talk fast enough. By the way, I'm taking you to dinner. See you tonight."

Susan put down the telephone. "I'll be out to dinner, Huldah."

"Out?" Huldah considered it and frowned. "You be careful what you do, Miss Susan. Murder!" She sniffed. "I don't like such goings on."

The telephone rang again and there, once more, was Steven.

"I forgot to tell you," he said blithely, "Murphy says all is forgiven, and the next time he has a particularly grisly murder you can come around and take a look at it. Er, what's that?"

"Nothing."

"I thought you said something sort of fervent. Susan, how much do you love me?"

"Not at all!" Susan cut him off quickly. Then she smiled.

(Copyright)

Saturday Night Continued from page 7

DAVID was there, waiting for her, when they got back home. In the first few moments of surprise and enthusiastic greeting she completely forgot Bill sitting there in the car watching them. It was David who drew attention to him.

"Well, my old rival, eh?" he said to Bill. "Doing your stuff, as usual? Not much success coming your way, is it?" He was smiling broadly and slipped an arm round Anne's waist.

Bill was grinning, too. But he looked rather like David did in the picture; his eyes refusing to reflect his outward mood.

"Couldn't do any good, at all, Old Salt," he laughed good-humoredly. "The trouble is, she saw you first."

They were always good friends after that. They always would be. David would have scoffed at her for refusing to go out with Bill to-night. But David didn't know everything. David was sure of her. Too sure.

"Give me a tinkle if you change your mind, Anne," Bill had shouted just before he drove off that night, leaving her with David.

"I promise!" her own voice had come serenely.

The fire crackled unexpectedly and Anne jumped with shock. Or was it shock at her own thoughts? She wasn't certain. Because Bill's words were ringing in her brain right now. "I have changed my mind," she said bluntly. "I want to go out with Bill to-night. I don't want to stay home night after night waiting for David. Forever waiting for David, until I'm too old to dance and laugh; too weary even to knit."

She lowered her lashes in shame, and her voice was husky. "And I want Bill to kiss me again, as he did in the car on the headland overlooking the ocean. Not only once. I want him to kiss me again and again. I want..."

Impulsively she rose to her feet. It wouldn't be too late yet. She could tell Bill.

Somewhere in the silent house a door closed. She thought, although she wasn't certain, that someone was coming in. She stood in the middle of the room petrified, her face blanched, her lips parted. The door opened. She caught her breath.

Then, as though a spring had been drawn back, then suddenly released, she rushed forward into his arms. "David! Oh, David!"

He held her close for what seemed an eternity. Then he tilted back her chin to regard her face. It was a

long time before he kissed her; a very long time.

"He might have seen it in my face," she wondered later, remembering. But, right there in his arms, she had thoughts for no one but the man back from the sea.

"I flew down from the north," he told her breathlessly. "The ship docked for a couple of days. It was too good to miss, even if it won't be for long."

"Oh yes, it was worth it, David. So well worth it."

It didn't take long for David to forget he had ever been away. She could hear him out there in the kitchen whistling cheerily as he made the supper. It had always been David's prerogative to make toast and coffee for supper. He hadn't forgotten.

"One hot coffee, coming up," cried David cheerfully.

What fun it was to have him home, Anne thought. He placed the tray at her feet on the hearth-rug.

"We don't stand on ceremony here," he mused, measuring out sugar for her cup. "Besides, it's closer to the fire on the mat. When I was a kid I always wanted it this way. Mother belonged to the old school. Starched tablecloths and stiff-backed chairs, you know. I made up my mind I'd have my own way some day. And now is as good a time as any."

He turned out the lights and sat sipping his coffee in the firelight.

She sat staring into the sheer gold of the embers, imagining she could see galleons sailing over a golden

tide; just as she used to when she was a child.

She told David about it in a sleepy, contented voice.

There's so much we don't know about each other yet, she thought comfortably. So much to talk about when he's home.

He placed his empty cup on the tray between them and stared into the fire peacefully.

"It must be monotonous for you, here alone so much when all the rest of the gang are out enjoying themselves," he murmured.

"What about you, darling?" she began. "You don't have much fun, either. Don't you sometimes wish..."

He deliberately moved the tray and drew her close to him, his arm around her shoulders.

"Only on Saturday nights I get around to being homesick," he told her. "That's the only night I wish for the smell of your perfume instead of the tang of salt and strong tobacco. I don't let myself day-dream on other nights. But Saturday night was always ours, wasn't it, Anne?"

She nodded dreamily. "That's when I feel it most, too, David."

They listened to the radio playing the familiar melody platonically. "Saturday night is the loneliest night in the week," they sang together smugly.

"We drove the first officer home," David confided sadly. "The poor blighter had been making plans all the way down in the plane about what he and his wife would do with their two days."

He got out his pipe and began to fill it.

"It was the woman next door who informed him she had gone off for the week-end with a party of friends," he went on. "Not that you could blame his wife, I suppose, not expecting him. But..."

Anne drew in a deep breath. She felt so self-satisfied. So happy.

And then she remembered Bill. She had been going to ring him.

"I'll take the tray out, David," she exclaimed, rising suddenly to hide her guilt.

But David was by her side. "Not until you've kissed me, darling."

David's kisses are the nicest ever, her thoughts ticked on as she felt his lips on hers.

She had forgotten about Bill and the night on the headland. For, suddenly, Bill was a million miles away.

(Copyright)

RIVETS



VERSATILE BOY



RICHARD BUZACOTT, of Taowong, Queensland, although only seven, already has a wide range of interests. A lover of horses, he rides well, yet finds time to learn all he can about cars, too. He swims well, keeps two dogs and shows promise as an artist. All these activities need energy, so Dick eats Vegemite every day. His mother says, "The Infant Welfare Centre told me how important Vegemite is to children, so Dick has been having it ever since." Vegemite is richer in riboflavin, richer in niacin, it's tastier and costs less.

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BULK in a delicious form. Modern foods are often soft, mushy, over-cooked... little or no bulk in them. But Kellogg's All-Bran supplies bulk in a delicious, nut-sweet form. This smooth-acting bulk helps prepare internal wastes for quick, easy and daily elimination. It starts your system functioning again the natural way.

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CATARRH AND BRONCHIAL ASTHMA HAD HER DOWN!



Sydney housewife reports amazing benefits from LANTIGEN 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine

Read this remarkable letter from Mrs. J. Pollett, of 10 Goodhope Street, Five Ways, Paddington, Sydney. It brings new hope to thousands of sufferers from Bronchial and Catarrhal complaints.

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh.

"Treatment seemed to do me no good and I returned home to live a life of misery. At one stage I spent no less than four months in bed. A district nurse used to come in daily to look after me. I could not even wash myself. I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little; yet, all

night long, I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up, I just use ordinary pillows again.

"I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis and I never have a headache.

"I would like a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B.' If I had had the same treatment from anyone else it would have cost me £100."

LITTLE BRISBANE BOY . . . "BRONCHITIS RELIEF"

Not only men and women, but children, too, can take Lantigen 'B' confidently. The case stated below shows it may be safely given to even the youngest children. Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Q'land:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five

minutes and then start coughing. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock. But all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."



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The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little indeed for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.

MEDICAL OPINION ON ORAL IMMUNISATION

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 15, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, says: "... The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

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Ask your chemist to-day for

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar was born. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who makes an enemy in **CROWN PRINCE ADEM:** Son of the kindly **SHEIKH OF SANDAN:** The ship moves up river to the village of the Riombi. Singing Devils

swoop down in a surprise raid, capturing Narda and wounding Mandrake and Lothar. By the time the two have recovered and brought reinforcements, Narda is far away, as the Singing Devils gallop through the jungle and through high bronze gates which are the entrance to the dreaded valley of the Singing Devils. NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE PREPARES TO FOLLOW THE "SINGING DEVILS". HANDING OUT ARMS TO TWO SAILORS. LOTHAR PREFERS TO CARRY HIS RIOMBI WARCLUB, "BUT YOU HAVE NO HORSES," SAYS BLAINE.



"THEN WE'LL WALK!" SAYS MANDRAKE. "IF WE'RE NOT BACK BY TOMORROW, RADIO THE SHEIKH OF SANDAN."



MEANWHILE, NARDA IS SWEEPED THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SINGING DEVILS! THE HORSEMEN RIDE LIKE THE WIND! SHE SEES CAPTIVES WORKING IN THE FIELDS--



AS THE FURIOUS RIDE CONTINUES, SHE PASSES A SLAVE AUCTION--



SHE IS RUSHED TO A LARGE PAVILION, AND THROWN AT THE FEET OF THE RULER OF THE SINGING DEVILS!

THE RULER REMOVES HIS DEVIL'S HEAD. NARDA GASPS. "YOU LAUGHED AT ME ONCE. DO YOU FEEL LIKE LAUGHING NOW?" SNEERS PRINCE ADEM, FOPPISH SON OF THE SHEIKH OF SANDAN!



TO BE CONTINUED

As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Financial matters probably will interest you this week, although planning rather than reaping is indicated. Avoid important matters on May 4, May 6, and May 7, as these days are slightly adverse. May 8 and 9 are quite fair.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): You should not expect things to move too quickly this week, but conditions for personal affairs are favorable, and some headway could be made through individual effort. Your best day is May 8, and your worst May 4.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A busy week for planning changes or for writing, and you can expect next week to be fruitful. You may find May 4 rather hampering, but the rest of the week will leave you undisturbed. Push things to your advantage on May 8.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Friends and acquaintances may absorb your interests this week, but trust only those you know well. Some people may prove quite unreliable. May 4, 5, 6, and 7 are slightly adverse, but May 8 is good.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Steady progress in your career and social life is indicated, but do not expect major events just yet. May 4 could be a little restrictive, and May 7 is disappointing. Rest of the week is fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Government, educational, or distant affairs may interest you this week, but do not look for immediate results. The aspects are rather weak, and you should avoid any definite action on May 4. May 8 will bring happy results.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Financial matters should be good for someone close to you, but you may have to wait for promised gain. May 4 is not reliable, and the rest of the week is slow, but May 8 is quite good.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A rather mixed week for interests relating to love, a husband, or partner. Choose any day but May 4 for best results. May 8 is probably your best day.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Your interests are best served by completing work in hand. Be careful not to overdo things on May 4, for your health could suffer. Rest of the week shows quite good progress.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): New interests or a love affair could occupy your attention. Don't be too enthusiastic on May 4, or place too much trust in anything. Rest of the week moves slowly, but push things ahead on May 8.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Although matters relating to home, family, or property seem to be your chief concern, the aspects are not sufficiently strong to achieve all you would wish. Do nothing of importance on May 4, and choose May 8 for action.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your mental outlook is very bright this week, and you are able to draw the goodwill of others. Some slight setback to friend or relative may mark May 4, but rest of the week can be quite fair. There are no outstanding dates.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Fans demand hero type of roles for Dick Widmark

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Richard Widmark's fans, apparently, would not care to see him permanently typed as a gangster in films.

More than 20,000 letters received by Twentieth Century-Fox demanded that Widmark be given a sympathetic role for a change. The result is his part in "Down to the Sea in Ships."

MOST of the letters were from women, who said that they thought he had great charm in spite of his blood-curdling performances in his first four films.

Bobbysoxers described him as "cute." Unanimous opinion was that he had fine acting talent.

Widmark, who is one of the busiest and most popular actors on the Fox lot, has gained his popularity by being thoroughly nasty on the screen.

Such a state of affairs is a far cry from the days when film producers dared not put their leading men into any part which called for them to be tough or "mean."

For here is Dick Widmark to prove that being a "meanie" is likely to get box-office results.

His characterization of the morose gangster Tommy Udo in his initial film, "Kiss of Death," which earned him an Academy Award nomination, was a performance notable for its studied callousness and starkly realistic playing.

Since then he has made "The Street With No Name," "Road House," and "Yellow Sky," and in them all he is the "baddie."

This personable young man, who scored a genuine hit in his first role in which he received feature billing, has been starred in all subsequent pictures with such celebrities as Ida Lupino, Cornel Wilde, Mark Stevens, Gregory Peck, and Lionel Barrymore—billing not won easily by a newcomer.

Although "Kiss of Death" was Dick's first film job, it was not his first attempt at acting.

He came to Hollywood after a work-out in radio and on the stage which took him into Broadway theatres.

This experience helped him to give the part of the sadistic gangster Udo a new slant which made it a hair-raising portrayal.

Off screen, Dick Widmark is the opposite of the characters he has portrayed to date.

I found him a reticent, soft-spoken young man, who, after college graduation, became a Professor of Dramatics at Lake Forest University.

To his friends of the theatre, no greater departure from type could be imagined than his portrayal of Udo.

Dick has been married for six years to Jean Hazlewood, a former script writer, and they have a daughter, Ann, who is three.

Proof of Widmark's high status in Hollywood at present is his current role in "Down to the Sea in Ships." The film originally was on Tyrone Power's schedule, but because of other commitments he was unable to make it.

The starring role was handed to Widmark, who received cabled congratulations from Power, who was working in "Prince of Foxes" in Rome.

No professional athlete has trained more arduously than Dick did for the picture.

He was ordered to shed fifteen pounds to attain a lean, sinewy appearance as first mate aboard a whaling brig in 1880.

He went on a strict diet for a month and worked in a gymnasium. At least two hours a day was spent punching the bag, skipping, and exercising.

Mrs. Widmark was delighted to find that her husband had assumed the role of gardener at their recently acquired home in Brentwood.

The acres of lawns, shrubbery, and flower-beds required a lot of attention, and all of it helped him in his personal battle of the belt-line.

The day I met him he had just reported back at the studio minus 14 pounds, and with a triumphant grin he told me he had never felt fitter in his life.

He is the only member of the cast, with the exception of 11-year-old Dean Stockwell, who doesn't have a beard.

Director Henry Hathaway commented on this:

"When I was given the job of cleaning up this 'villain,' he said, 'I decided it should be done properly, even to the extent of having him shave every day.'"

"Many stars have risen to great popularity because of their roles in stories of the sea, and we are hoping



RICHARD WIDMARK (left) joins in a between-scenes discussion with director Henry Hathaway and veteran Lionel Barrymore on the set of "Down to the Sea in Ships" at Twentieth Century-Fox. The film is a story of early whaling days and has an all-masculine cast.

that the salt air will make a great star out of Dick Widmark."

Another consideration behind the selection of Widmark for a starring role is his gradual movie reformation.

Since his hyena laugh and his tough-guy portrayals won him the nicknames of "the guy you love to hate," he has been seen exclusively in heavy roles.

In his current film he is the "guy you come to like."

But Dick will have to wait a while before he wins the girl.

In "Down to the Sea in Ships" there are no women.

His feminine fans will have to be patient until "Slattery's Hurricane" is released, for not only is he the hero of the film but he has his two leading ladies madly in love with him.

That should keep those 20,000 letter-writers happy.

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TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★ ★ The Loves of Carmen

If all wandering gypsies looked like Rita Hayworth (in technicolor) there might well be a mass exodus of masculine city dwellers in search of so much feminine pulchritude.

Columbia's new version of Prosper Merimee's old Spanish story, now under the title of "The Loves of Carmen," is a highly glamorized affair, which would be rather dull if it were not for the technicolor scenery—including Rita Hayworth.

My general reaction was that the current Carmen is a time-worn story related with a Hollywood accent.

I do not regard Rita as the true gipsy type, but she has been carefully tutored to display changes of mood, from ardent love-making to frequent spitting and hurling of abuse, while wearing a series of highly expensive gipsy dresses, high-heeled shoes, and carefully careless hair-dos.

No dentist is ever likely to make much money from having to care for her teeth. Every one of them looks perfect, and we get dozens of chances to view them closely.

Carmen bestows her favors and insults alternately on a procession of men ranging from a bewhiskered bandit (Victor Jory), an elderly colonel (Arnold Moss), a naive Spanish soldier (Ron Randell, disguised almost beyond recognition), a glum soldier turned renegade (Glenn Ford), to a dapper matador (John Barrymore).

As the film works its way through this list, it seems a long time before we get to the final scene of Carmen and her only real love, Don Jose (Ford), dying clasped in each other's arms.

Carmen has been stabbed by the jealous Don Jose, and he has been shot by the police.

If Glenn Ford got any enjoyment from playing his role of Don Jose, he certainly conceals it, because from start to finish he looks sour and disgruntled.

I hope that Columbia will give him

a comedy role as quickly as possible to offset the effect of his gloom in this film.

The technicolor camera ranges through some superb Californian scenery representing Spain, and there are many finely designed street scenes. The musical score by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco is first class.

Some wild western cross country chases, a duel with knives, and a fair bit of face slapping all round add to the action.

The film is at the State.

★ Symphonie Fantastique

A FRENCH production on the life of composer Hector Berlioz, "Symphonie Fantastique," released by Kapferer Productions (Sydney), has Jean-Louis Barrault in the leading role.

Barrault will be recalled for the excellent impression he made in the successful film, "Les Enfants du Paradis."

"Symphonie Fantastique" has plenty of faults, the worst being stilted direction, and a poor sound-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

track which nearly ruins some fine orchestral performances of Berlioz's compositions.

But it has considerable merit due to the sensitive work of Barrault, and the fine photography of Armand Chiraud.

The story of Berlioz's life moves from his early struggle for recognition, his domestic upsets, to his success (achieved with the assistance of his mistress), and his final parting with her.

The film follows the French tradition of stressing the less heroic though dramatic side of the central character. It does not follow the English and Hollywood custom of endowing him with more heroism and glamor than he possessed.

The Conservatory Orchestra of Paris lends its considerable weight to the frequent interpolations of Berlioz compositions, some of which rise above the faulty recording.

The film is at the Variety.



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and burgundy, royal and
saxe, red and royal, black. 13/6.



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and rose, red and white,
black and white. 13/11.

LOLL

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burgundy. 13/6.



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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

BLACK lace over flesh chiffon, combined with black taffeta, satin, or velvet, is a winter fashion flash.

I recommend a reader to have a top made of this combination, with a black taffeta skirt.

For show ball

"EVERY year our town holds a ball on the last night at the local show. Everyone steps out in new dresses, and I was wondering if you could design an evening dress for me. I have 6yds. of 42in. fine black taffeta, and intend to get lace for a top. Will I have matching lace or a color?"

Black lace lined with flesh-pink would be effective combined with black taffeta. For the design (it's illustrated on the page) my choice is a wide skirt made with shaped gores, fitted midriff section, plus lace top. Have the lace top with a low-cut decolletage and tiny puffed-up sleeves.

Good solution

"AS I am expecting my baby next August, I would like you to advise me about clothes to wear from now on. I am only 26, and am not looking forward to the prospect of being unattractively dressed, so please help me with suggestions for the daytime and evening, also a practical and attractive dress for housework."

Maternity wear need not be a boring and unattractive prospect; with imaginative planning you can be well dressed for all occasions. Personally I think "separates" (such as the jacket and skirt idea) are the perfect solution for maternity fashions. Enjoy the fun of choosing flattering jackets now, and later when your baby arrives the jackets can remain an attractive part of your wardrobe. For instance, a wrist-length, boxy jacket with a flare back and straight, roomy front would be a good "cover up." Have the matching skirt cut on straight lines with waist expansion. In the evening the same jacket design could be made in satin or taffeta and worn with a long or short velvet skirt. For doing household chores the design could be repeated, this time in a washing fabric.



LACE TOP looks well with a wide skirt.

Neglected teen-ager

"AS a teen-ager I think we are rather neglected when it comes to hat fashions. I have been watching your fashion notes for advice on this subject. I hope you will find time in the near future to answer my problem."

Perhaps the reason why you have not seen any fashion data on teen-age hats is because so many young girls go hatless. Actually yours was the first letter I have received on the subject. However, for the hat-conscious teen-ager there are plenty

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

of attractive designs. This season hats for the young are small, simple, easy to pull on, and easy to look pretty in—all have an uncluttered, neat look. The shape can be a cloche, a tailored beret, a toque, a pillbox. Trims are a tiny wisp of veil, a narrow ribbon, or a jaunty feather. The teen-age hat planned to wear to formal functions is made gaily by its fabric or color, or both, not its shape.

New lingerie

"AT present I am making underwear for my glory-box and would like you to tell me the newest colors for underclothes and dressing-gowns. I would also be grateful for any new designs that might help me. I am quite experienced at hand work and cutting."

Several of the most important Paris designers have replaced pastels with candy-pink, deep sky-blue, and a dusty apricot—the latter looks wonderful with black. Black is also seen with colored embroidery trims. Pierre Frey shows a glamorous dressing-gown made in black crepe-de-chine with color introduced by pink-and-blue-toned carnations done in a fine chain-stitch. Sheer white cottons intricately hand-tucked and lavishly lace-trimmed are another lingerie innovation. The separate camisole top shaped to flatter the bosom, and worn with a waist petticoat, is also new; so is an Empire-waisted nightgown with a very full skirt.

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"EDNA" and "BEATRICE." A pretty, form-fitting slip and tailored pantee obtainable in a lovely printed satin. Obtainable in white, pale pink, and pale blue printed in small white, pink, and blue pastel flowers, also a plain satin in white, sky-blue, and pink.

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"Edna" (panties)—Ready To Wear: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 19/11. Postage, 8d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 14/3. Postage, 8d. extra.

"JOAN." Attractive two-piece pyjamas. The material is floral satin. Obtainable in white, pale pink, and sky-blue printed in small white, pink, and blue flowers. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 72/11. Postage, 2/- extra.

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Symptom of Love

Continued from page 11

ROBINA introduced her to the young man. "This is Miss Merrick—Sheila Merrick," she said. "And this is Hugh Martin. Sheila does something somewhere in an office."

"That's putting it vaguely. I'll bet it's more exciting than that."

Sheila's hand was taken in a warm grip. The eyes that looked down into hers were grey, with a suppressed twinkle. And the look—Sheila's heart warmed to it—was anything but perfunctory. It was, as a matter of fact, definitely appreciative of her silky hair, her pert little nose, and rosy, smiling mouth.

"It is," Sheila said. "I'm with a firm that makes spectacles—the most fantastic glasses you see on modern noses."

She laughed. "You ought to get a look at some of the designs we're experimenting with at the moment."

She was in the middle of a story when she saw Robina give Larry a look. For a second, Sheila felt dashed. But only for a second. Because Hugh Martin, relaxed in his chair, was not only listening, but listening with amused appreciation. Two minutes later, he capped her tale with an experience of his own—a well-told story that made even Robina chuckle.

But as Sheila opened her mouth to comment, Robina broke in quickly, putting a hand on Larry's arm: "Darling—what about the pictures? Didn't Hugh bring them...?"

Sheila stood up quickly. "I'm very keen on photography," she said, smiling down at Hugh, but aware that Larry and Robina were watching her carefully.

"Then I hope you'll enjoy mine," Hugh said, equably.

He and Larry were busy for a few moments, unrolling and setting up the compact screen, and a table for the projector, while Robina arranged the chairs in a row. As the lights were turned off, Sheila thought she heard Robina sigh.

Sheila's cheeks flushed. The pictures could not be as dull as that—Robina was really ungracious.

The pictures, actually, were a revelation. Sheila relaxed, gazing in absorbed delight. One by one, they flashed on the screen clearly, brilliantly, arresting in their pure, bright color.

"Mostly scenic," Hugh said. He showed, successively, a sunlit lake, a church spire floodlit in gold, a herd of cattle clambering up the side of a hill.

There was an indistinguishable murmur from Robina—and a protest from Sheila. "I could look at them forever—they're fascinating!"

"You'll probably like the next lot, then," Hugh said. "I don't always show 'em—they're rather special—ised. Flower close-ups."

They were so beautiful they made Sheila gasp. A spray of fruit blossom. A patch of water-lilies. A butterfly trembling on a rose.

In the shadow, Sheila turned breathlessly to Robina. "Aren't they the loveliest things you ever saw?" she whispered.

There was no answer. Sheila peered at the armchair, and stiffened. It was empty. Robina and Larry had disappeared.

At that moment, Hugh finished his exhibition and switched on the lights.

"Oh, please," Sheila gestured

quickly. "Just one lamp—this one. Not the overhead light!"

Absurdly, she felt their hosts' absence might be less noticeable in a shadowy room. "Mr. Martin, it was wonderful—sheer perfection. I've never seen anything like your pictures—truly!"

"You really mean it, don't you?" Hugh smiled across at her. Calmly, he was rolling the screen into its box. "I detect a note of utter sincerity—very flattering to my ego!"

"Mrs. Manning has—they've gone to see about refreshments," Sheila gulped. "They probably think you're rather thirsty. Or—perhaps she has something in the oven—"

"Could be," Hugh said, equably. Gently, he took Sheila by the shoulders, pushing her down into the most comfortable chair.

"Here—have a cigarette. And don't worry about our disappearing hosts." He grinned. "I'm grateful to them—it gives me a chance to ask you if you'll come picture-taking with me. I'm pretty much a stranger round here yet, but there must be plenty of prospects..."

"Oh, there are," Sheila said, then stopped short, gasping. From the kitchen came the sound of shattering china. "Oh, I'd better—"

"Relax," Hugh put a hand gently on her arm. "It's just a casualty of love. He probably kissed the back of her neck, and she twisted round and sent a plate flying."

His grin vanished and he looked at Sheila with sudden sympathy. "How do you stand it, incidentally—shut up with a couple of love-birds?"

"Love-birds?" Sheila said. "But they—"

"They're newly marrieds. Didn't you know? Still in the first stages," Hugh said, laughing.

His eyebrows shot up as Sheila stared at him, puzzled. "They'd been married only two weeks before they found this house." He laughed again as Sheila shook her head. "Don't tell me you didn't notice they aren't—he chuckled—"well, shall we say quite normal yet?"

"Of course, I've noticed," Sheila said. She flushed. "But I didn't know why. I just felt—oh, so lonely and out of things. They—they just looked through me as if I didn't really exist..."

"You didn't—for them," Hugh said, seriously. "Nobody exists for them yet. In a few weeks, though, they'll begin to sit up and take notice. They'll realise that there's a charming and friendly girl right under their roof, well worth cultivating!"

He continued, his tone gently teasing. "Believe it or not, you'll be as bad yourself one day. It's just a symptom of love. When you meet the right young man, you won't notice either what's going on around you..."

"Won't I?" Sheila echoed.

Looking up at him, she thought how nice he was, how much he had helped her to enjoy the evening. It would be wonderful to go walking with him, to explore the countryside and take pictures...

She heard a sound and jumped, startled. Slowly, her face flushed rosy. Robina was setting a loaded tray on the table. Larry had already closed the door, and was pulling up chairs. And she hadn't even heard them come in—hadn't noticed a thing but the smile in Hugh Martin's eyes.

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14	35	37½	44 or 46
16	37	39	44 or 46
36	40	42	45 or 47
38	42	44	45 or 47
40	44	46	45 or 47
42	46	48	45 or 47

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£2000 in big cash prizes for menus and ideas for celebration dinners, children's parties, buffet dinners, barbecue suppers, wedding breakfasts, engagement and pre-wedding teas; also winter dinners and summer dinners for households of varying sizes.

It costs you nothing to enter and you can send in as many entries as you like. Below are the easy conditions. Enter now and win your share of £3000.

SECTION 1: £1000 Grand Champion Prize
Prize for best detailed plan for a 21st birthday party for 30.

SECTION 2: £1410 in cash prizes
for menus and ideas for celebration dinners, children's parties, buffet dinners, barbecue suppers, wedding breakfasts, engagement and pre-wedding tea parties.

SECTION 1: £1000 GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE

Grand Champion Prize of £1000 will be awarded for the best detailed plan for a 21st birthday party, including the menu, recipes, details of preparation of food, table decoration, ceremony for presentation of key, proposed entertainment.

A competitor may submit any number of entries in this section.

Entries should be set out as follows:

1. Menu, set out in correct menu form, i.e., dishes listed one beneath the other.

2. Recipes for all dishes included in menu must be given in detail, in the order in which they are listed in the menu. Quantities in recipes must be sufficient for thirty guests to be served. Proportion of ingredients, method of preparing and cooking must be correct in every detail.

3. Attach a clear explanation of serving (i.e., formal service or buffet), of proposed table decoration, ceremony for presentation of key, proposed entertainment to precede or follow the menu, novel and unusual ideas to make the function an outstanding and memorable occasion.

4. Attach a practical working schedule, explaining what advance preparation you would make, and how you would handle the preparation of food for this party, with the help of one or two members of the family or friends.

5. Attach a brief statement of approximate cost—there is no money limit, but the total cost should be within the reach of the average family which likes to entertain in this way in the home.

SECTION 3: Winter Dinners

CLASS 1.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for two adults.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 3.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of four.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 5.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of six.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 7.—Best winter oven dinner for family of six.
First prize, £20. Second prize, £10.
Eleven consolation prizes of £5 in Section 3.

Conditions for sections 3 and 4, page 43

THE full details of our new and wonderful £3000 cookery contest were published also in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

We ask you please to keep these pages for reference. Because of space limitations, it will not be possible to publish the details in full each week.

SECTION 3: Winter dinners—seven classes for three-course week-day, Sunday, and oven dinners for households of varying sizes. £295 in prizes.

SECTION 4: Summer dinners—seven classes for three-course week-day, Sunday, and top-of-stove dinners for households of varying sizes. £295 in prizes.

SECTION 2: £1410 IN PRIZES

CLASS 1.—Best celebration dinner for 12
First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Six consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 2.—Best barbecue supper party for 25
First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 3.—Best engagement or pre-wedding afternoon tea party for 25
First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 4.—Best wedding breakfast menu for 30 guests
First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 5.—Best menu for 7 p.m. buffet dinner for 12.
First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 6.—Best novelty bridge tea for 12.
First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 7.—Best menu plan for children's party for 20
First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

Conditions for section 2, page 43

SECTION 4: Summer Dinners

CLASS 1.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for two adults.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 3.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of four.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 5.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of six.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six.
First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 7.—Best top-of-stove summer dinner for family of six.
First prize, £20. Second prize, £10.
Eleven consolation prizes of £5 in Section 4.

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THE EMPIRE'S FAVOURED CIGARETTE

Much, MUCH more Relief for Children's COUGHS and COLDS



Because...

It works both
INSIDE and
OUTSIDE... for
hours and hours!

YOUR LITTLE ONE gets instant comfort when VapoRub is rubbed on the chest, throat and back at bedtime. Then, minute by minute, relief grows stronger, and Baby feels better and better, because...

OUTSIDE, on the body surface, VapoRub warms and stimulates like a soothing poultice, easing tightness and "drawing out" painful congestion. And at the same time...

INSIDE, with every breath, VapoRub's soothing medicinal vapours are carried direct to every sore nook and cranny of the troubled breathing passages.

Coughing soon stops...breathing becomes cool and clear...tightness and soreness are warmed away...often, by morning, the worst of the cold is over and Baby feels much better.

VICKS VAPORUB



Protect your family from COLDS, SORE THROAT, 'FLU with *Larynoids* Containing ANESTHESIN

RECOMMENDED
BY DOCTORS AND
CHEMISTS!

FAMOUS LARYNOIDS FORMULA contains instant-acting Anesthesin

Larynoids, an amazing prescription in handy pastille form, are produced under laboratory conditions in strict compliance with the requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia Codex. The Larynoids Formula includes these stimulating expectorants and healing antiseptics:

ANESTHESIN: Rapidly produces prolonged deadening of the nerve endings and stops "tickling," irritation, soreness.

BALSAM: A soothing inhalant to ease breathing and aid healing of sore areas.

IPECAC: Loosens hard mucus; valuable as treatment for Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Croup.

MENTHOL: Relieves nasal Catarrh, arrests sneezing, deadens pain, checks excessive mucus.

PEPPERMINT: Powerful inhalant; relieves congestion in frontal sinuses.

PINE OIL: A soothing inhalant to relieve the air passages from congestion.

OIL OF ANISEED: An aromatic and carminative.

HONEY: A soothing linctus.

CINNAMON OIL: Powerfully antiseptic and aromatic.

IODINE: Highly antiseptic and healing.

MOTHERS—you can stop winter colds and 'flu before they get a grip. The first snuffle or irritation in the throat is the warning signal — "give Larynoids." As they dissolve in the mouth, powerful antiseptics are released to destroy germs before they do any harm. Larynoids contain instant-acting Anesthesin which relieves sore throats in minutes; other deep-healing and active inhalants speed recovery from the severest cold and check the spread of infection.



IN THE MEDICINE
CUPBOARD AT HOME



IN THE OFFICE
DRAWER IN TOWN



IN THE CHILDREN'S
SCHOOLBAGS

Always keep
a packet
handy



ON SALE
AT ALL CHEMISTS
THROUGHOUT
AUSTRALIA

AT ALL CHEMISTS **1'8** PKT

WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT TO CHECK INFECTION

1 THE THROAT:
A cold results from millions of infective microbes multiplying in the throat. Larynoids nullify their activity and prevent them from spreading to—

2 THE PHARYNX:
When infected, this area becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids soothe the rawness and, if taken in time, prevent infection from spreading to—

3 THE LARYNX:
This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread and cause a deep-seated condition in—

4 THE BRONCHIAL TUBES:
The home of Bronchitis and other stubborn infections, which may affect—

5 THE LUNGS:
A slight cold allowed to get this far may cause Pneumonia or Pleurisy. Simple hygiene and Larynoids will protect these vital areas from infection.





Every shade is N-E-W
in Pond's NEW
Dreamflower
Face Powder

Six rich-warm tones

"Dark Rachel"—To give your complexion a liting new warmth and radiance.
"Brunette"—As smart as a Fifth Avenue store—as new as the new season's fashion shades.

"Mocha"—The rich, new, tawny tanning to glorify your sunbanned complexion.
"Peach"—A new, wickedly flattering peach-noted powder for brunettes or blondes.

"Rachel"—Sweet as a dream, this new Pond's shade gives a flatteringly warm overtone to fair complexions.
"Camellia"—The delicate pinky tone to spin a veil of radiant flattery over your skin.

FREE! An exciting Beauty Sachet containing generous TRIAL SIZES OF ALL SIX NEW SHADES in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

Address your envelope to Pond's, Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne, enclosing 6d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and posting.

Please send me your Beauty Sachet containing trial size of all six new shades in Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS
W.V. 5P. P.M. 1

**SUPERFLUOUS
HAIRS**

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the de-vitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Post 6/11), from Hallams Pty. Ltd., 212 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swifts Pharmacy, 378 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Bicks Chemists Ltd., 92 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

**DANDRUFF
Defeated!**

Drive out Dandruff. This special Soap "kills" beneath surface of scalp, removing Dandruff flakes, stopping itch. 1/2 Cake. All Chemists.

**POTTERS
DANDRUFF
SOAP**



THIS little hat in thick white, tan, or pillarboxed wool is quickly made and cute to wear.

Materials: 1 skein "Willa" blanket wool, 1 crochet hook, size 6.

Measurements: 21-22in. head.

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in., 5 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: ch., chain; sl., slip; st., stitch; rnd., round; s.c., single crochet; d.c., double crochet; tr.c., treble crochet.

CROWN

Ch. 85 and sl-st. into ring. Work

**Cute hat in
easy crochet**

evenly for 10 rnds. Sl-st. in next st. Fasten off.

BRIM

*Work 1 s.c. in each of 14 sts., 2 s.c. into next st. Repeat from * until there are 120 sts. in rnd. Work without increasing until there are 8 rows in brim. Sl-st. in next st. Fasten off.

SCALLOP EDGING

Top of crown: Sl-st. through 1 ch., ch. 3, * 5 tr.c. into next st., miss 2, 1 d.c. into next st., miss 2 ch.

* Repeat from * to * till end of rnd. Fasten off. Repeat this edging for brim.

TO MAKE UP

Make a chain 25in. long and run it through the holes made by the scallop edging on the crown edging of the hat. Make and attach a pompon to each end of the ch. Draw up chain to desired size, and tie in knot. The chain may be made longer or shorter if desired.

When laundering place crown in shape over a hat block or a small mixing bowl, and keep brim flat.

Continued from page 41

**Our £3000 Cookery
Contest**

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Only those entries which are submitted according to the rules will be eligible.

2. Competitors may submit any number of entries in each and every section and class.

3. Entries must be clearly written on one side of the paper only—in ink, or typed, not in pencil.

4. Full name and address, including State, to be included clearly on each page. Indicate section and class in which you are entering.

5. Recipes accompanying menus must be accurate. List ingredients in the order in which they are used, give exact weight or measurements in level cups, tablespoons, or teaspoons. Directions for mixing and

cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.

6. Employees of Consolidated Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

7. The decision of the judges will be absolutely final. No entries will be returned, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning such entries. No personal interviews will be granted.

8. All entries submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to publish any of them.

9. Address entries to The Head Office, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Conditions for Section 2

ENTRIES in each and every class of Section 2 should be set out in the following manner:

1. Menu in correct menu form—that is, courses and dishes set out one beneath the other.

2. Detailed recipes for all dishes to be set out in order in which they are listed in the menu. Ingredients to be written plainly, followed by clear, concise instructions for mixing, cooking, and serving. Note: Quantities must be sufficient for the number of servings specified—for instance, in Class 1, quantities must be sufficient for 12.

3. Include any novel ideas you may have for adding interest to the particular function, and attach a brief statement (200 to 300 words), explaining clearly how you would arrange a practical working schedule in order to have all dishes ready at the right time. Make suggestions for advance preparation.

Conditions for Sections 3 and 4

MENUS entered in Classes 1 to 6 of Sections 3 and 4 should include foods of a type suitable for the season specified. They should be set out in correct menu form, i.e., dishes listed one beneath the other.

The three courses may consist of savory or fruit appetiser, meat and vegetables, sweet. Or soup, fish entree, meat and vegetables. Or soup, meat or fish and vegetables, sweet.

Include detailed recipes for all dishes listed in menu. Set recipes out clearly—ingredients listed first, followed by method in clear detail. Quantities must be sufficient for number of people specified.

Menus entered in Section 3, Class 7: Winter dinner menus of two or

**Points the judges
will look for in all
sections**

• Menus which are unusual and interesting, providing well-flavored dishes made from ingredients readily available.

• Menus which are practical and workable, within the reach of the average family.

• Menus based on recipes which are correct in proportion and accurate as regards method of preparation and cooking.

more courses must be correctly set out, with dishes listed one beneath the other, followed by detailed recipes for all dishes listed.

All dishes must be oven-cooked (including vegetables). Give details of how dishes are accommodated in the oven, times oven door is opened to insert dishes taking a shorter time to cook. Include sufficient information to make the menu workable for a family of six.

Menus entered in Section 4, Class 7: Summer dinner menus of two or more courses must be correctly set out, with dishes listed one beneath the other, followed by detailed recipes.

All dishes must be cooked on the top of the stove. Details must be given of cooking arrangements to suit the average stove, i.e., gas, electric, or kerosene stoves with three or four burners, or fuel stove. Include sufficient information to make the menu practical and workable for a family of six.

NOTE: All menus in Sections 3 and 4 must be within the reach of average family finances, and nutritionally well balanced.



**Men adore
her... her bewitching
skin loveliness can be yours
with Rexona's gentle care.**

A pure and flawless complexion comes from glowing skin health. Gently medicated Rexona Soap tones your skin and cleanses away impurities that may cause distressing blemishes. Rexona's secret is Cadyl—an exclusive preparation containing Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth, all proven aids to complexion loveliness.

GIVE YOURSELF A DAILY FACIAL... A DAILY BEAUTY BATH



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Is yours just "SORT OF" hair...

**SORT OF LIGHT?
SORT OF DARK?**

THESE 2 AMAZING
New **MAKE-UP** Shampoos
will give it a definite shade...
RADIANT, LOVELIER, MORE LUSTROUS

STA-BLOND

for FAIR types
Lightens fair, fairish
and mossy hair
4-6 shades without
ugly bleaching. It
keeps blonde and fair
hair from darkening.

GET STA-BLOND OR BRUNITEX TODAY.

BRUNITEX

for DARK types
Deepens all brownish
and darkish hair
4-6 shades without
ugly dyeing. It gives
real colour and beauty
to unattractive brown
and black hair.

NEW! now available
in LIQUIDS, too,
if you prefer!

STA-BLOND AND BRUNITEX
make you prettier!



Your hair will gleam
LIKE MOONBEAMS
ON A LAKE

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TOM PIPER

*CONDENSES
2 LBS. OF FRESH, RED, RIPE
TOMATOES INTO EVERY 1 LB.
CAN OF...*



CREAM
OF
TOMATO SOUP
CONDENSED

TOM PIPER — The Name of Goodness in Fresh Canned Foods



● These recipes, all of which have been tested in our kitchens, are seasonable suggestions for the main meal of the day.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

PRUNES, pears, apples, and rhubarb are used in the sweets—any one of which may be paired with any one of the suggested meat dishes to make a satisfying meal.

In selecting vegetables, remember green and yellow vegetables are a daily menu "must" for good nutrition as well as for color contrast.

ROLLED STUFFED STEAK

Two pounds topside steak—cut in one piece about 1 in. thick, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 lb. sausage meat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 3 tablespoons diced, parboiled red or green pepper (may be omitted), pinch herbs, or 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and 1 teaspoon each marjoram and thyme, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

With very sharp knife slice almost but not quite through steak; open out into one flat piece. Mix onion with sausage meat, spread over steak. Cover with crumbs and diced red or green pepper. Sprinkle with seasonings. Roll up, secure at 2 in.

intervals with fine string. Brown well on all sides in hot fat—may take about 15 minutes. Remove, place in casserole dish. Add flour to fat, allow to brown. Add water, sauces, and vinegar, stir until boiling. Pour over meat, cover, and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1½ to 2 hours according to thickness of roll. Remove string, serve with gravy on heated dish. Cut in slices before serving with crumb-topped baked tomatoes and parsley-potatoes.

RHUBARB AND APPLE TART

Eight ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 3 green apples, 1 bunch rhubarb, 2 tablespoons water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Roll pastry to ¼ in. thickness on floured board. Line 8 in. tart-plate. Cut crescent-shaped pieces from pastry trimmings, place on oven tray. Prick sides and base of tart with fork, brush edges with water. Place tart and crescents in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric). Cook crescents 8 to 10 minutes, tart 12 to 15 minutes. Peel, core, and slice apples, place in saucepan with water, sugar, lemon juice and rind. Cover and cook until almost tender. Add rhubarb cut into 1 in. lengths. Continue cooking gently until rhu-

barb is soft, but not broken. Turn into pastry-case, decorate with pastry crescents. Reheat before serving, or allow to become quite cold.

SAVORY VEAL POCKETS

One and a half pounds veal steak, 2 rashers bacon, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter (measured after melting), flour, egg-glazing, browned breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Cut steak into 3 in. squares, make a pocket in each. Remove rind from bacon, cut into dice. Mix with crumbs, salt, pepper, parsley, lemon rind, melted margarine or butter. Fill into pockets in steak squares, secure with cocktail sticks. Coat lightly with flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss in browned crumbs. Brown on both sides in hot fat; reduce heat, cook gently 12 to 15 minutes, turning once more. Drain on clean kitchen paper, serve hot with or without brown gravy.

WHOLEMEAL PEAR PUDDING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, scant 1 cup milk, 2oz. white self-raising flour, pinch

salt, 2oz. wholemeal self-raising flour, 4 or 5 cooked pear halves (drained from syrup), 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter, 1 extra dessertspoon brown sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in milk alternately with sifted white flour and salt and unsifted wholemeal flour. Turn into greased 8 in. sandwich-tin (or flan-ring). Arrange pears on top, core side down. Brush with melted margarine or butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

TONGUE AND POTATO PIE

Six sheep's tongues, thin piece lemon rind, 1 slice of onion, 3 cups mashed potato, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup milk.

Wash tongues, trim roots. Place in warm water with lemon rind and onion. Simmer until quite tender. Skin, cut into thin slices. Line sides only of greased ovenware dish with thick layer of mashed potato mixed

with onion, reserving some for top. Arrange sliced tongues, crumbs, and peas in alternate layers in prepared dish. Sprinkle each layer with parsley. Pour milk in carefully, spoon or pipe balance of potato round edge. Cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes, until potato topping is lightly browned. If desired, 2 or 3 ounces finely diced ham may be added. Serve piping hot.

SPICED PRUNE SPONGE

Four ounces soft, stoned prunes, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts (may be omitted), 2oz. margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon each spice and cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 3 tablespoons milk.

Arrange prunes in bottom of very thickly greased 8 in. sandwich-tin. Add honey mixed with lemon juice and nuts. Cream shortening with sugar, add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Spread over prunes. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Turn out, serve hot, with clear lemon sauce or custard.

Page 45

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 7, 1949

Use **AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER** for light feathery Scones, delicious Cakes, crispy Pastries.

Delicious Swift MEAT SPREADS in the NEW ECONOMY SIZE



Delicious SWIFT Meat Spreads—the family's favourite sandwich selection—are now here in the new big economy size. And there's such a choice—five different, tempting varieties. Remember to spread them thickly for real goodness of flavour.



Swift products are ALWAYS good

Beat the cold weather with



MILO

THE FORTIFIED TONIC FOOD



Beat the cold with MILO! Build up your resistance with regular cups of this delicious stamina-building blend of pure country milk and malted cereals! Give your system the benefit of the energising vitamins with which MILO is fortified. Only 2/3 per 8 ounce tin; 3/9 per 14 ounce tin. Prices slightly higher in country areas. Obtainable from any chemist or store.

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SAVORY meat squares, topped with tomatoes and served with creamed potatoes, diced carrots, and peas, make a satisfying main course. The recipe wins the £10 prize in this week's contest.



A MOIST, rich date-and-lemon steamed pudding (shown right) is a delicious sweet with pineapple sauce. See prize recipe below.

Big cash prizes awarded for readers' recipes

AN appetising luncheon or dinner dish—savory meat squares—wins this week's prize of £10. The squares are similar in flavor to meat pies, but are not topped with pastry.

An unusual flavor imparted by rose-hips makes the apple jelly recipe delicious. The hips, ready for picking this month, are rich in Vitamin C and pectin, the substance in fruit which brings about "jelling" in jams.

A variation of date pudding with pineapple sauce is another recipe well worth adding to your collection.

Remember, all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

SAVORY MEAT SQUARES

Four ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 to 1½ lb. minced steak, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper and mixed herbs, 1 cup water or vegetable stock, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon each Parisian essence and Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce.

For Topping: 1 cup fine soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, pinch salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or bacon fat, tomato slices and grated cheese.

Roll pastry to fit 7 in. by 11 in. slab-tin. Press into tin. Mix steak, onion, salt, pepper, herbs, sauces, and water or stock. Cook with lid on over gentle heat, 15 to 20 minutes. Stir in flour and Parisian essence, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Cool slightly, spread over pastry in tin. Prepare topping. Mix crumbs with onion, salt, pepper, and melted margarine or bacon fat. Spread over meat.

Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from oven, cut into squares, but do not remove from tin. Top each square with slice of tomato and grated cheese. Return to oven for 8 or 7 minutes. Remove from tin, serve piping hot with vegetables. If desired, a browned vegetable sauce may be served with the squares.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. D. A. Hall, "Jimbar," 96 Davis St., Rockhampton, Qld.

DATE AND LEMON PUDDING WITH PINEAPPLE SAUCE

One cup chopped dates, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 1 cup stale cake or breadcrumbs, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 cup warm milk, 2oz. margarine or butter.

Mix dry ingredients well together, first sifting flour with salt, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Beat egg well, melt margarine or butter in warmed milk. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients, add beaten egg, then milk and melted shortening. Mix well. Place in greased pudding mould, cover with paper greased on both sides. Place in large saucepan with sufficient boiling water to come half-way up sides of mould. Cover closely, steam 2 to 2½ hours. Unmould, serve with pineapple sauce.

Pineapple Sauce: Place 1 cup shredded or diced pineapple in saucepan with 1 cup sugar and pineapple juice and water to make 1 cup. Cover and cook gently 15 minutes. Blend 1 tablespoon cornflour with a little extra water or pineapple juice, stir into sauce, continue stirring until boiling. Cook 2 or 3 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Barrie, 126 Park St., West Brunswick, Vic.

ROSE-HIP AND APPLE JELLY

One pint ripe rose-hips (freshly picked), 2 pints boiling water, 1½ lb. green apples, 1 cup cold water, 2½ lb. sugar, strained juice of 1 lemon.

Wash hips thoroughly, place in preserving-pan with boiling water. Cook gently until soft, mash with fork or wooden spoon. Strain through jelly-bag or several layers of muslin, allow to drip overnight. Measure rose-hip juice, make up to 1½ pints with extra water. Peel, core, and slice apples, cook with the cold water and lemon juice until very soft. Beat to a pulp. Add to rose-hip juice, bring to boiling point. Add warmed sugar, stir until dissolved. Cook quickly until mixture jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle into clean, dry, heated jars; seal and label when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. M. Dimmock, Glendon Brook, via Singleton, N.S.W.

LUCAS
tailor-maid
TUNIC



- 1 Double stitched yokes for serviceability and smart appearance.
- 2 Body panels shaped after pleating to give perfect fit.
- 3 Matching self-material buckle for a neat quality finish.
- 4 3" full box pleats back and front provide liberal skirt width.
- 5 Generous 4" hem allows for months of additional wear.

Tailored from super quality 12 oz. navy twill with fine attention to detail. Look for Lucas Tailor Maid Tunics in better class stores throughout Australia.



Backache, Leg Pains Disappear

Magging backache, aching joints that cripple you, may be due to tired kidneys leaving an excess of acid in your blood. Get DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a special medicine for the kidneys. For more than 50 years, DOAN'S have brought welcome relief to millions of sufferers from backache, rheumatism, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Get DOAN'S today. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE
KIDNEY
PILLS

Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co.
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Suffering with a COLD

DON'T RELY ON HALF MEASURES
TAKE FOOLISH CHANCES

Get after your chest cold with moist heat—a time-proven treatment endorsed by many doctors all over the world. Antiphlogistine Poultice gives you the benefits of moist heat—right in your own home. Just do these two simple things recommended by many doctors:

1. Put an Antiphlogistine Poultice on back and chest. Throat, too—if it's sore.
2. Go to bed. Antiphlogistine Poultice works all through the night. Helps you get a good night's sleep.

Antiphlogistine

The soothing warmth of Antiphlogistine Poultice relaxes tense or aching muscles, stimulates circulation, helps ease coughs due to colds.



When guests arrive

get

flick-of-the-fingertip

warmth

with a modern

**GAS
FIRE**



UNEXPECTEDLY...

ENJOY THE CHEERY FRIENDLINESS AND
HOSPITALITY OF A HEALTHY GAS FIRE

So quick! So easy! Your gas Fire is on "in a flash"—
immediately spreading comfort and coziness to every corner of
the room. It automatically ventilates as it warms,
completely changing the air in a room as often as 5
times an hour. Gas fires are speedy, healthful, convenient
and clean. There are models to suit every home and
every kind of fireplace. Enquire now at your Gas Company
Showrooms.



GAS for the **4 BIG JOBS**

Automatic COOKING — *Silent* REFRIGERATION — *Instant* HOT WATER — *Healthful* HEATING

The
National Gas
Association
of Australia



2 Heaters for the Price of 1

Be independent in time of power restrictions with a Colton kerosene operated COOK-HEATER. It heats a room or cooks a meal for only 3d. an hour, and is absolutely odorless.



Beautifully finished in chromium plate and indurcent enamel, it is a boon to the housewife, indispensable on the farm and ideal for offices and campers.

Obtainable from your Local Dealer
DISTRIBUTED BY GEO. WILLS & CO. LTD. Offices in each Capital City



KOTEX FEATHERWEIGHT BELT — 1/3. A narrow fine-quality all-elastic belt that fits all women. Flat unbreakable fasteners give absolute security.

PARTNERS IN COMFORT



KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT — 2/6. Of fine quality elastic, this self-balancing belt gives maximum waistline comfort and accurate adjustment. Wonderform can safely be worn loose with confidence.

KOTEX belts

99/120



A RAZOR for the Ladies.

Made from gilt metal, featherweight and packed in an attractive plastic box. Supplied complete with two of the famous Laurel Sheffield Steel razor blades. A high quality British Product obtainable from all Stores.

LAUREL LADIES' BOUDOIR SAFETY RAZORS

ADDITIONAL SUPPLIES of RAZOR BLADES are easily obtainable at all CHEMISTS and STORES in packets of 5.



LOUNGE-ROOM at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Ellem, of Warrawee, N.S.W., opens on to a terrace, beyond which is the garden. Walls are turquoise and the ceiling pale apricot. Drapes are burgundy-tan with a cream pattern. Polished floors are Australian blue gum. Pale yellow predominates in the flowers arranged in the room.

Designed own home and garden

By EYE GYE
Editor of our Homemaker Department

HERE are some pictures and the plan of the recently built house of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Ellem, of Winton Street, Warrawee, N.S.W.

Planning of the home, which stands on a three-cornered block, backed by tall blue gums and an old willow, took Mrs. Ellem some months.

Windows of every room overlook the garden.

Maximum sunshine and fresh air are provided by wide glass doors and windows, and the front door is of glass.

A wide overhang protects rooms from too much sun.

In the landscaping of the garden Mrs. Ellem followed the contours of the land.

All trees, except those in the space occupied by the house, were retained.

The flagged lily pond is flanked by two gum trees and backed by the willow tree.

The absence of a street fence adds to the spacious appearance of the grounds, and the swift-growing low hedge of Orange Triumph roses will give brilliant color for many months of the year.

Three built-up terraces extend the liveability of the home.

Wide doors in the lounge and bedrooms and the front door open on to the front terrace, which is the largest of the three, shown top in facing page.

Double doors from the lounge and dining-room open on to one rear terrace, and a kitchen door leads to another.



ANOTHER VIEW of the lounge, which is 21ft. 6in. long by 18ft. wide at fireplace end and 13ft. 6in. at this end. Doors shown in picture open out on to rear built-up terrace.

The kitchen is compact, and is designed in a cream-and-red color scheme. Cupboards cover one wall, with a central alcove for china.

Mrs. Ellem was untiring in her shopping efforts to get the utmost for her money, and second-hand shops yielded pieces which she skillfully converted to attractive furnishings.

The round, glass-topped table showing in the picture of the lounge above was once part of a navigating instrument which the inventor, a ship's captain, gave her.



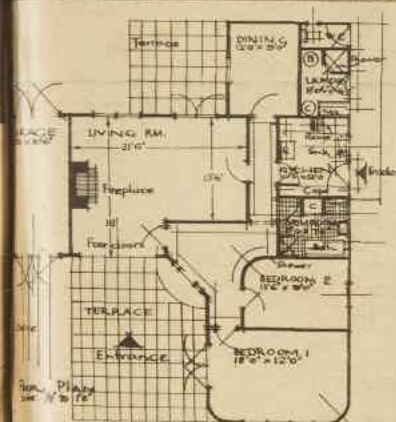
LONDON-TAN-AND-CREAM FURNISHINGS for primrose-yellow walled room of son Kay, who is a medical student. Mrs. Ellem made the covers and curtains; painted the furniture. Ceiling is magnolia.



BUILT-IN CORNER fitting between two doors in dining-room, which has primrose walls, magnolia ceiling. Carpet is green.



VIEW of the house taken from the front garden, not long planted. Wide overhang forms porch for glass front door.



GROUND PLAN of house, drawn by Mrs. Ellem, who planned the home and watched over its construction.



REAR VIEW, showing built-up terrace with doors opening into dining-room and lounge. This picture also illustrates roof contour of house.

Sun-loving shrubs that yield bright flowers

AMONG sun-loving and colorful shrubs not greatly grown in Australia is *Podalyria grandiflora*. It deserves a place in every garden.

It is handsome in shape, has attractive pinkish-mauve, pea-shaped flowers which appear over a long period in spring and summer, is quite hardy.

Podalyria is an evergreen, grows to about 8ft., and has silvery leaves. It is much loved by butterflies, and when in flower these dainty little creatures may be seen hovering over it or alighting on it practically all day, sipping nectar from its blossoms.

The flowers last particularly well when cut, and provide excellent subjects for interior decoration. Potted specimens can be set out now.

Other sun-loving shrubs that can be set out in the garden now include *Cassias*, most of which are frost-tender, and all of which produce innumerable yellow, pea-shaped blossoms over a long period.

Cestrum nocturnum is another hardy shrub which will scent the air at night for a considerable distance. The flowers are greenish white. Another of this family is *Cestrum purpureum*, which has purplish-red flowers produced over a long period on rather weeping or pendulous stems.

Clerodendron alba and *C. ugandense* are two others worth including in the sunny shrubbery. The first named has white blooms of high fragrance, and the latter has blue flowers and is commonly known as the butterfly bush.

Diplazium hybrida is not often seen in the garden, but is a gem when well-grown and cut back to overcome its rather straggly habits. The flowers are a peculiar shade of tango. The variety known as *Mrs. A. Scholes* is a crimson-red shade. It grows to about 2ft. 6in., and is very ornamental over a long season of the year if regularly pinched back.



PODALYRIA GRANDIFLORA, a gem for your garden that is not often seen. It is a hardy, sturdy shrub bearing pinkish-mauve flowers in spring and summer.

Felicia augustifolia is a native of South Africa; it bears lilac-colored flowers rather like a Michaelmas daisy. It is a very cheerful little shrub, worth a front position because of its low stature.

For a back position, as befits a shrub that grows 6ft. to 7ft., the *Lechrostoma* takes some beating. The leaves are broad and vary, according to variety, from scarlet to pale blue and purple. When grown near another sun-lover, the *Romneya* or Californian tree-poppy, which has large, poppy-like blooms with very wrinkled petals (white, with yellow centres), the two contrast strongly but mix well.

For a very tall shrub, again a sun-lover, *Sparmannia africana*, which reaches 10ft. or a trifle more, and has large double white flowers and broad leaves, is difficult to fault. It will grow in any of our capital cities. The blooms appear in winter.—Our Home Gardener.

THE PATH to the back door and small terrace is flanked by lawn and flourishing flower-beds.

Chewing strengthens children's jaws

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

DENTAL decay is often due to eating food that is overcooked and soft, instead of food that needs to be well chewed. Highly refined foods, too, are often preferred to raw ones, which are better for the teeth.

Babies and toddlers should be taught to masticate properly, though this takes a good deal of time. The jaws are developed by natural, vigorous suction in the first place, so the breast-fed baby's muscles get better exercise than those of the bottle-fed baby, who gets his food too easily.

The mother's diet and health during pregnancy have also an important influence in the developing of a good set of teeth for her baby, as teeth begin to form in the early weeks of pregnancy.

Leaflets giving suggestions for prevention of early decay in children's teeth can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scotch House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

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'ASPRO', after more than 30 years, is in bigger demand than ever simply because it has never failed to do what it is claimed to do. For colds and 'flu, headache and pain 'ASPRO' is still the same amazing combination of swift effectiveness and absolute safety for young and old alike.

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If your 'flu or cold needs to be tackled in earnest the best method is to take two or three 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink on retiring. Thoroughly covered up in bed you will get the full benefit of the anti-septic (fever reducing) properties of 'ASPRO'. In the morning you'll feel relaxed and fit once again.



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F5496—Winter suit designed with a form-fitting jacket and flared skirt. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5497—Smart boxy full-length coat. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/4.

F5498—Tailored one-piece, twin pockets add hip interest. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5499—Trousers overalls for a small boy. Sizes: 25, 29, 33, and 37in. length, or 1, 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 1yd. 54in. material or 11yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5500—Smartly tailored jerkin suit and long-sleeved blouse. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material for suit, and 2yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price, 2/8.

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TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 58.



1234

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1234—ATTRACTIVE LAUNDRY BAG

This useful laundry bag is traced ready to embroider on a British headcloth in blue, lemon, and green. Work it in contrasting shades. Wooden coat-hanger not supplied. Size 17in. x 24in., price 4/11 complete. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 1235—BLOUSE

Pretty tucked blouse has smart back buttoning. Cut out ready to sew in white, pink, or blue rayon crepe-de-chine, or spun linen in white, apple-green, red, natural, or hyacinth-blue. Sizes: 32in.-34in. bust, price 18/3; 36in.-38in. bust, price 19/11. Postage, 10d. extra.

No. 1236—SKIRT

Cut out and ready to sew, the skirt is in spun linen in white, natural, apple-green, red, or hyacinth-blue. Sizes: 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., 32in. waist, price 22/3. Postage, 1/- extra.

No. 1237—DOYLEYS

Three doyleys are traced ready to embroider on heavy white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in palest pink, blue, lemon, and green, and measure 8in. x 8in. Price: 1/- each, postage 1d., or 2/9 for set of three, postage 3d. extra.

No. 1238—NAPPY PANTS

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Sizes: For babies 16lb., medium, price 5/7 each. For babies over 16lb., regular size, 5/11 each. English towelling squares, price 11/1 per half dozen. Postage, 6d. for each item.

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, please select a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 7, 1949

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